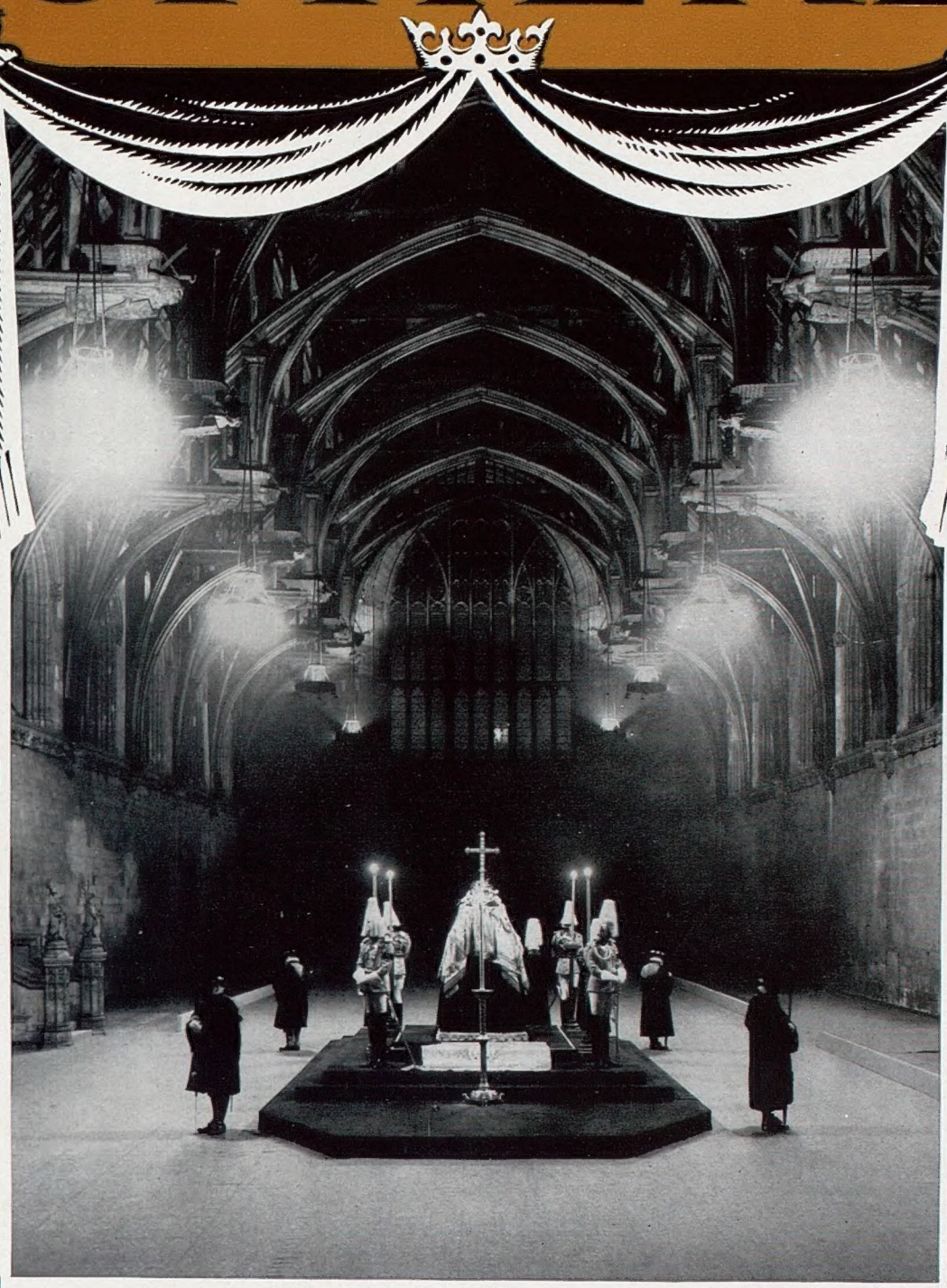
VOL. CCVIII No. 2715

THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 23, 1952
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "THE GRAPHIC"

3/-

The SPHERE



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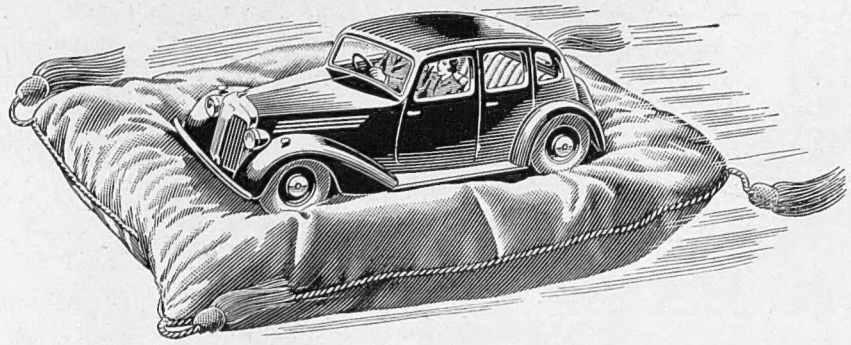

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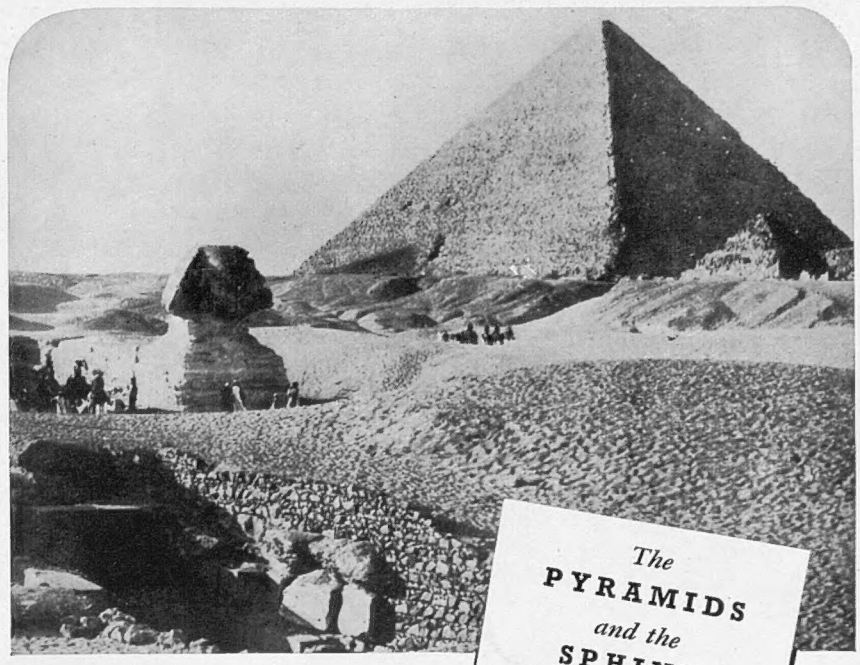

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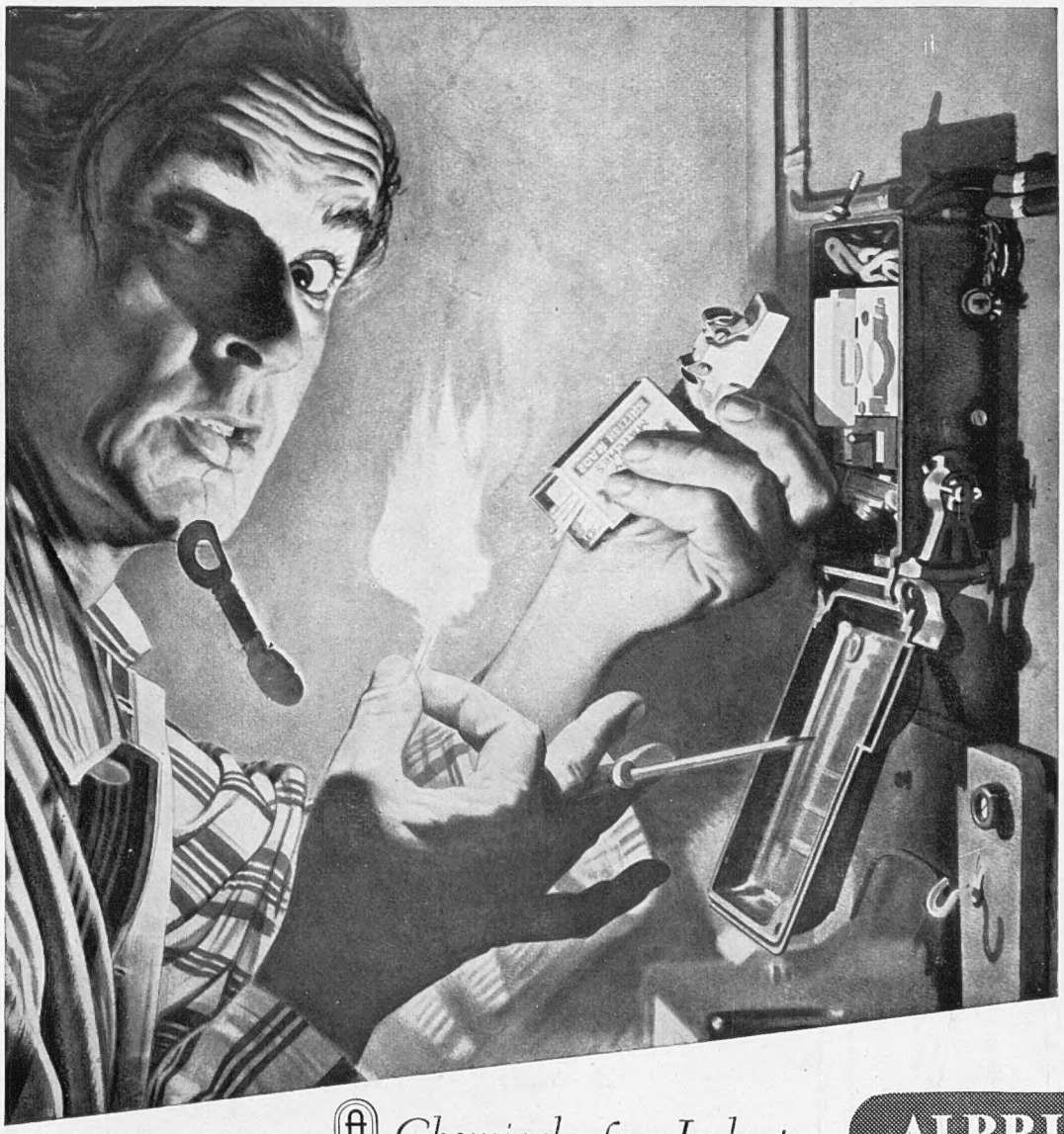

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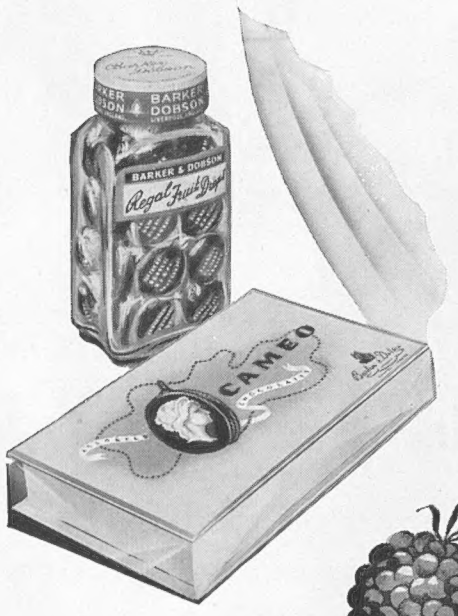

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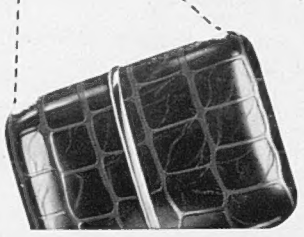

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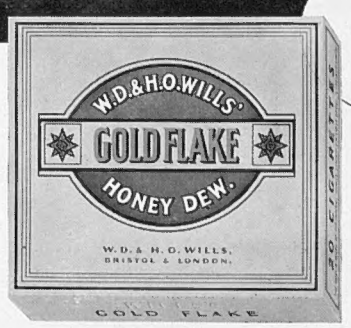

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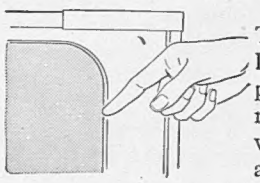

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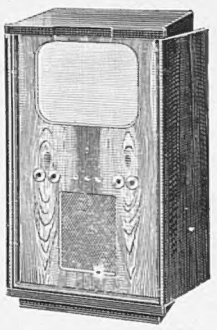

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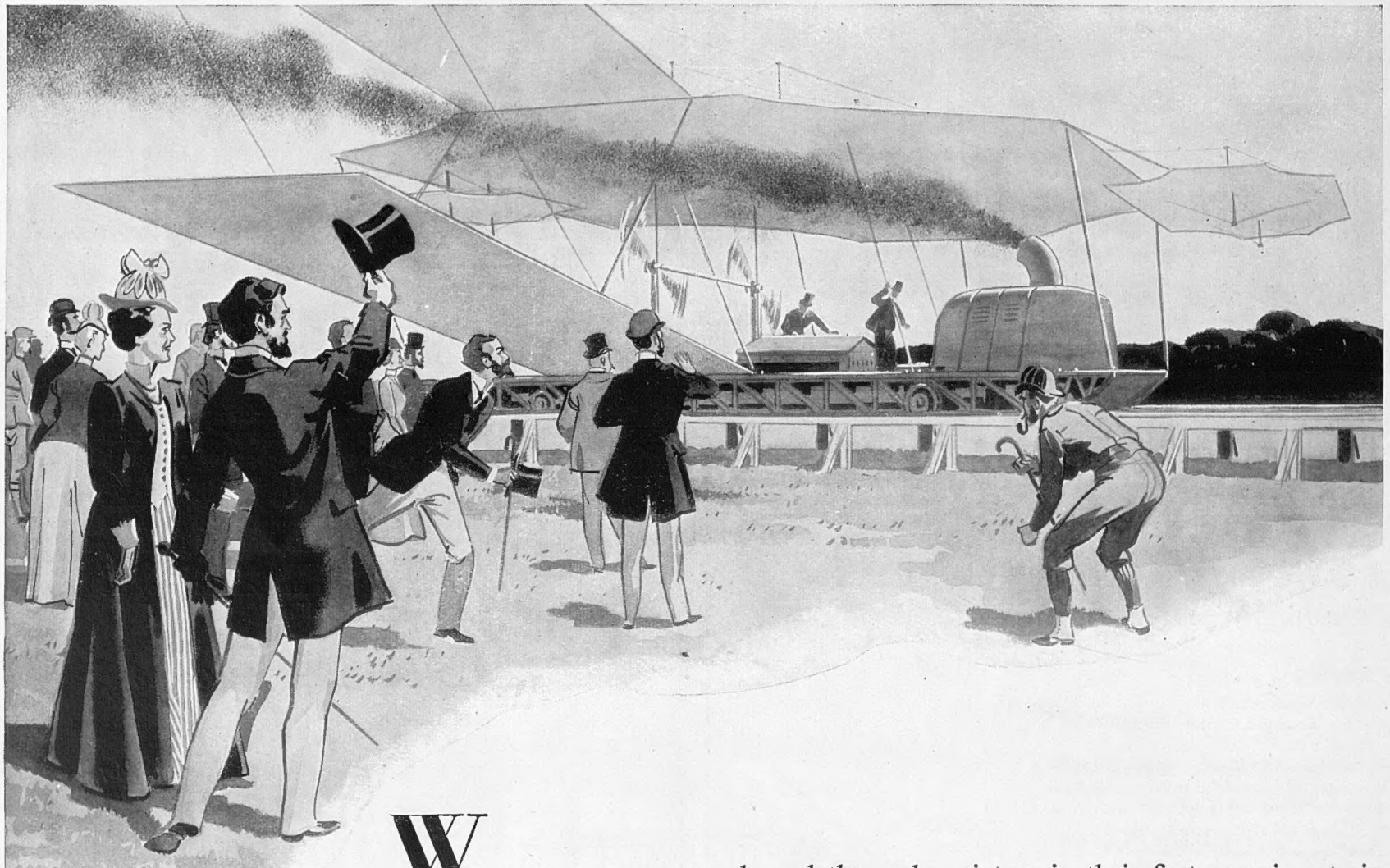
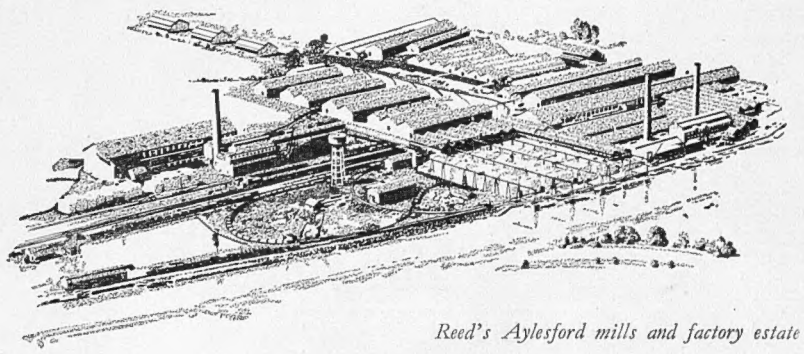


Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS dogged the early aviators in their first experiments in flying. Many worked in secret ; few were so ambitious as Sir Hiram Maxim who in 1894, testing his machine at Baldwyns Park in Kent, coaxed sufficient power from a light marine steam engine to lift the whole contraption off the rails. There his endeavours ceased and who would have thought that in less than 60 years men would be flying at speeds faster than sound ? Who, indeed, could have foreseen the great industries which would arise from the inventive genius of the 1890's ? In that same year, 1894, Albert Edwin Reed acquired his first paper mill at Tovil near Maidstone, to lay the foundation of what is today one of the largest organisations of its kind in the world. He was outstanding among the pioneers of modern paper-making methods and from his vision and enterprise have grown the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where giant high-speed machines turn out mile after mile of newsprint and the tough Kraft paper which has entirely revolutionised this country's packaging methods.



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The SPHERE

FEBRUARY 15, 1952—KING GEORGE VI PASSES THROUGH HIS CAPITAL FOR THE LAST TIME : The funeral procession is seen in front of St. James's Palace just after passing Friary Court, where the Queen's Guard presented arms and the Colour was lowered. At 9.30 a.m. on this day of deepest national mourning the body of King George VI was taken from Westminster Hall, where it had lain in state, and, to the tolling of Big Ben and the firing of minute guns, it started on the last journey to Windsor and St. George's Chapel. The mile-long procession took thirty-five minutes to pass each point along the route to Paddington. Four Royal Dukes, six Sovereigns of foreign countries and many Heads of States followed the Queen's carriage, which was immediately behind the gun-carriage.

A REIGN ENDS, AND A REIGN BEGINS

A Splendid Memory of Sixteen Years—The Hopes of the Years Ahead

THE death of King George VI quite certainly gave a pause for reflection and a chance for amendment to this sick and fevered world. For a time, at least until after the ceremonies of his burial, at home and abroad, where his example in life had, at home, at least, a wide and beneficent influence, the bitterness of party strife, of petty and selfish and even of national aims, died down, and, faced with the inevitability of the end of all power and greatness, of good and bad, of high and humble, in the human species, men of all races were afforded a lucid interval in which calmly to readjust their minds and to consider again the right use of power, the meaning of duty and service and world citizenship, the right conduct of a life which brings to all the same inevitable end, the virtues of courtesy, restraint and patience.

What is power, for which men and nations so feverishly and so bitterly contend, unless, when attained, it is used selflessly for the good of humanity; what is fame, unless it is won by self-sacrifice; what is greatness but humility; what is world order but patient adjustment of national differences conducted with courtesy and restraint?

These are truths to which King George VI testified in life, and it may be that for a time his voice will testify still from the grave, and perhaps more compellingly.

If his sudden death for a moment of time turned half the world upside-down, we may reasonably pray that, when it rights itself, it will be found a little nearer equilibrium. In what was once called Civilisation, there is decency and humanity and brotherhood still under the surface. Even our bitterest enemies to-day revealed it when our loss was known. A little humanity and sympathy and civility crept back. How short must this truce to hatred be, how brief this lucid interval? Must the wrangling begin again this week, next week? We know how it has been in the past. We can only wait and see if it must be for ever so.

And now the body of our late King of happy and splendid memory lies in St. George's Chapel to mingle with the dust of his illustrious fathers and predecessors on the throne of England. His merits remain to be finally assessed by historians, and his reign is history.

We turn with hope and courage to a new reign, a new Sovereign, and perhaps a happier era in international and domestic affairs. And here, early and with diffidence, I put in my plea that our new Queen may be spared some part of the ever-increasing burden which has fallen on her recent predecessors since her grandfather ascended the throne. On that aspect of the new reign I have made some comments elsewhere in THE SPHERE.

No one suggests that the methods of Queen Victoria's widowhood could have endured into the twentieth century. But that Queen was a woman of great experience and infinite shrewdness, and there are still to be observed in her practices some useful hints and pointers applicable in moderation to the new reign. She kept some of the veil of mystery before the throne, she spared herself when she could, she shared out among the Royal family a larger and a rather more important quota of ceremonial functions than is customary to-day.

Are we forever to "kill the thing we love" by our reckless demands? Is more and more to be thrust on the Sovereign outside those innumerable duties which none else can perform? The Queen is young and newly married. Her children are babies, in need of a mother's guidance and care, she is at an age when family life is a mother's most vital function. It seems to me that our Sovereigns of the twentieth Century have become the galley-slaves of the traditions of Monarchy, which apparently alone of all our traditions may never be adjusted to changing conditions.

Why should not these traditions and conventions be rationalised like all other institutions? Because the pundits of ceremonial and constitutional precedent are obsessed with the past and will not budge. The precedent of Queen Elizabeth I, of Queen Anne, must be the practice of to-day. The dusty files and records must be searched and triumph awaits the spectacled searcher who unearths a new one.

That leads me to reflect on the arrangements, in a matter of months, for another Coronation.

Absit omen! But note the facts.

The last two Coronations were prefaces to world wars; they occupied the time and energies of statesmen at times of supreme national danger, when we lay naked and unarmed against obvious and fully-prepared enemies. Ministers were for ever leaving their offices for rehearsals, we had Archbishops obsessed with forms of prayer and ceremonial, "dancing Chancellors" and fancy-dress-mad heads of departments. As a result, we "staged" in 1937 such a ceremony as set the world gaping (and Hitler rubbing his eyes), and we provided for the nation and Commonwealth a most desirable and noble conception of the sacrament and spiritual meaning of our Monarchy.

That superb lesson is still vivid in our memory. The lives and example of George VI and his Queen and family have kept it vivid over the fifteen past years. It needs not to be rammed home again with equal fervour in changed times.

Our Constitution remains, the "estates of the Realm" are unaltered on paper, but in common acceptance are greatly changed. Take a small instance:

THE PROCLAMATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II IN MANCHESTER BENEATH THE MEMORIAL OF HER GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER, THE PRINCE CONSORT: This was the scene outside the Manchester Town Hall during the ceremony conducted by the Lord Mayor. The Proclamation was preceded by a fanfare and followed by the National Anthem. The ceremony was repeated at three other points in Manchester, at New Cross, Piccadilly and All Saints. In all the great provincial cities there were similar scenes.

In 1911 an hereditary aristocracy meant a lot. In 1937 it meant something still to the public. In 1952 it means nothing at all but a quaint and rather absurd survival of picturesque old times, quite clearly doomed in a few years.

I do not suggest that the ancient and historic ritual associated with Coronations should have violent hands laid on it. I do suggest that the next Coronation should be, inside the Abbey, less a ceremony for Privilege and the pushful, and that it should take up far less of the time of statesmen and public officials. The general public, it is true, loves pageantry and cannot have too much, and it is perfectly content to gape patiently in queues in the streets at all and any types of show. But I confess I should be glad to learn that more and humbler representatives of the life of the nation might witness the Coronation inside the Abbey, and that the Earl Marshal and his innumerable band of functionaries should devise a simpler and shorter ceremony of consecration. If the Heralds and Archbishops and Court officials are obsessed with precedent and tradition, let them leave their offices and filing cabinets and old tomes and go out into the streets and observe how changed the world is since Victoria ascended the throne, and how vastly more onerous is the burden which they have helped to load on the Sovereign.

Let them reflect that it has been left to the sense and intuition of recent Sovereigns to keep the Throne in step and in tune with modern democracy while the Sovereign's great officers have sometimes lived too much in the past. We are far from underrating the value of tradition. We merely suggest that the Monarchy, like our unwritten Constitution, should be suffered to develop in step with changing conditions and never be held back by the chains of past precedents.

The ceremonies of the lying-in-state and burial of our beloved King were copied in large measure from those used at his father's death. Many of us must vividly recall that ceremonial march through London sixteen years ago, and the faces of his sons, led by the tragic figure of the new King Edward VIII. Truly "Time and Chance happeneth to them all," and a very few years can totally change a familiar scene. For my part, I am not going to describe the last ceremonies. In this age of publicity and intimacy, of television, of eye-witness reporting, of radio photography, and intense and healthy rivalry in Fleet Street to satisfy, each organ its own readers, in every particular, we are rather slow to realise the implications as they affect reporting at greater leisure. Details have ceased to form part of that function, and nothing remains for a deferred commentator but to find if he can some new idea or side aspect of a scene and setting on which the public can and does feast its eyes (in some sort) contemporaneously with the events taking place.

That is not easy. To a certain extent a nation given over to publicity is, on an occasion of historic importance, hoist on its own petard. Its ears are deafened with repetition, the same idea is given forth from pulpit, radio and in newspaper leader until the human mind is unable to absorb more and almost craves for silence. For many days since the news of the King's death brought the normal activities of everyday life to a halt, the very functions of Government, from which news and ultimately history are made, have been halted. It will be strange indeed (a direct contradiction of our accepted idea of the power of propaganda) if this unique period of publicity devoted to one theme—the life and death of a noble King, a good man and devoted servant—fails to move our hearts to attain more nearly to the standards set by his example. It will be a pity if we slip back again to petty concerns, selfish ends, to envy, hatred and malice. Unfortunately the page of history does not suggest that a millennium lies immediately ahead of us to-morrow.

The pages of history, however, afford me one oblique idea on which to enlarge as a sideline.

The traditional solemn and superb ceremonial of the moving of the late King's body, the lying-in-state, the journey to Windsor and the last ceremonies in St. George's fitted the grandness of the occasion and the majesty of the theme. Even so, the strain thrown on the Royal family was heavy indeed. No ceremonial concessions to the weather could alleviate their private sorrows for the loss of a beloved husband, father, son and brother, and it may be that none would have willingly been spared the physical strains imposed. Yet for a man no longer young, a six-mile walk in bitter sleet, bare-headed, is a test of endurance, and long waits in the open in such conditions for elder statesmen are an invitation to winter chills and ills.

At the funeral of the Duke of York in 1827 the casualty list was enormous. The Dukes of Sussex and Wellington and Montrose were laid by, one at death's door; Canning and Roslyn were struck down also. Timing to-day is far more perfect, as perfect as it can be made. But the weather is unpredictable, and there should be fluidity in all such arrangements. We have not forgotten the obvious signs of fatigue of the Princes who walked behind the coffin of King George V as it reached Paddington.

And now the body of our good King George VI lies in St. George's, his dust there to mingle with the dust of his predecessors in that high and fearful office of responsibility; his record, like those of a majority of his crowned ancestors back to the third George, one of consistent and ever-increasing splendour, in service, in duty, as leader, exemplar and father of many peoples. His reign is history, his fame established, his crown laid aside . . . and won. He leaves behind a devoted family and peoples of many realms in grief and sorrow, in pride and gratitude. A new Sovereign reigns, a new reign begins. Human life goes on, and our thoughts turn again to the living, to the present and to the future. God Save the Queen! We are already assured that her reign will be on the pattern of her father's and grandfather's, that she will follow their example in the qualities and duty of her great office. But whether she bring in a new era in our history, or no, will depend not on her alone, but on every one of her subjects.

The Old Stager

BENEATH YORK CASTLE MOUND : The county Proclamation of the accession of Queen Elizabeth II being read from the foot of the mound of Clifford's Tower. The civic Proclamation at York was attended by more pomp than most cities of the kingdom are entitled to, the liveries of the guilds and merchant companies being conspicuous among the civic robes, the ecclesiastical vestments and the military uniforms. The Proclamation was made at several points in York.

ACCESSION PROCLAMATIONS

IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES

LARGE CROWDS GATHERED BEFORE THE CITY HALL AT CARDIFF TO HEAR THE LORD MAYOR READ THE ACCESSION PROCLAMATION : In this picture the Union Jack was flying at the masthead, as it did everywhere during the Proclamation. From Cardiff City Hall there also flew the Red Dragon, flag of Wales, a reminder of Welsh status as a Principality. In due time, when Elizabeth II so decides, her son the Duke of Cornwall will go to Caernarvon, and in the presence of the Welsh people will be proclaimed Prince of Wales.

THE GATHERING AT THE MARKET CROSS IN ABERDEEN WHERE, IN SPITE OF WINTRY WEATHER, 3,000 PEOPLE ASSEMBLED TO HEAR THE PROCLAMATION : Composed of several hundred representatives of public bodies, the procession was headed by the Lord Provost and Lord Lieutenant of the county of the city (Mr. W. D. Reid), the Marquis of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and Sheriff Principal Sir George Morton, Q.C., who read the Proclamation. The Royal salute was followed by the singing of the National Anthem, and three cheers for the Queen were given on the call of the Lord Provost. The procession returned to the Town and County Hall, where the health of the Queen was toasted. In Edinburgh the Queen was proclaimed at four points.

THE PEOPLE'S FAREWELL

A PERSONAL RECORD OF THE LYING-IN-STATE AT WESTMINSTER

By Ferdinand Tuohy

AS we turned left at the top of the great stairway, our eyes were held by the motionless figures of ten richly-caparisoned men mounting a last guard over their late Sovereign in the bare, grey, stone expanse of Westminster Hall.

Facing outwards with heads bowed over their reversed arms, four Yeomen of the Guard, four officers of the Brigade of Guards, two Gentlemen-at-Arms, and slightly raised above them, the catafalque agleam with the colour and display which kings take with them to the very sinking into the crypt.

Four tall candles burnt as they would burn for ninety hours. As the February evening fell, they would be joined by lighting thrown up to the chestnut beams of the great roof hammered by Richard II's master-carpenter. But now wintry shafts from without did duty, striking sparkles from the Imperial Crown on the coffin full 30 yards away.

I looked back at a row of flags below the great window of St. Stephen's Porch ; then again towards the Crown ; and the magic of the symbol stood revealed in those two seconds. The flags belonged to all the Dominions and Colonies. They had never before been displayed in public, and the innovation at once brought to mind the new designation of the Sovereign (" of this realm and her other realms and territories ").

nearly a thing of the past. Parts of the queue held blocks of hospital nurses in grey, white and red, and parties of schoolgirls were hardly less vivid in blues and greens. By externals, it was hardly a mourning queue. But we knew the reason why : special clothing cannot be afforded.

The same thing applied to Millbank's tall buildings. For Victoria and still for Edward VII, they would have been swathed in purple, wreathed with bay leaves.

In Westminster Hall, however, the scene would be almost identical with forty and fifty years ago. Little change, except those flags. The living statues in their noble, thrilling uniforms were minute replicas of grandfathers who had similarly guarded Victoria and Edward and been cast in the same mould of twenty minutes' immobility . . . at first glance one was inescapably put in mind of a waxworks tableau.

The thought took hold during a pause at the top of the stairway while the guard round the coffin was changed. What scenes, what drama, had been enacted there below, what characters of history had lived their biggest hour in Westminster Hall since William Rufus in 1097.

As far back as the twelfth century the Hall had been used as a court of law, the king being the fount of justice. But " justice followed the king," and frequently when he was absent from Westminster suitors had to carry their cases after him round the kingdom, or let them go by default. So in King John's time it was enacted that all matters of common law should be heard in the Great Hall. Gradually other causes were added, and by the time of Richard II, the Hall had blossomed into a criminal court.

Among the first trials was that of the Earl of Suffolk, for lukewarmness in the prosecution of war. The Earl had to stay in prison until a heavy fine had been paid, but two years later Sir Robert Tresilian went to Tyburn for treason, and subsequently Richard was to hear himself deposed in the very Hall he had restored.

In 1535 Sir Thomas Moore defied Henry VIII over his divorce and assumption of headship of the Church, and heard his fate in this Hall. Anne Boleyn went the same way. More than a century later Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was brought to trial as " the evil genius " of Charles I. The accused advised his king to sign the death warrant for the sake of the public peace, and that Charles did so remains the chief blot on his memory.

Nine years later Charles was himself the central figure of the most momentous trial in English history. To taunt him, Royal standards taken at Naseby were hung round the Hall.

A large number of other celebrated trials took place in the Hall, of which the most memorable was that of Warren Hastings, which lasted over seven years.

All this time—in fact, since the Coronation of Henry III in 1170—the Hall had also been used for banquets and festivities. This was still going merrily on in the reign of George III, when the horse on which rode the King's Champion entered backwards as a result of his careful training to retire in this fashion.

Previously, in the seventeenth century, the Hall had been put to unique " popular " usage. Much of the floor was filled by the stalls of booksellers, law stationers and other tradesmen, the profit from which went to the Warden of the Fleet. About the same time the Hall of Kings came to be frequented by folk who strolled shamelessly up and down with straw showing from their shoes as a sign that they could be hired to give witness—the " men of straw."

With the opening of the Law Courts in the Strand seventy years ago, the ancient usages of Westminster Hall ceased, and ever since it has been reserved for major State occasions. The happy along with the sorrowful. Only fifteen months ago loyal addresses to mark the reopening of the Commons Chamber were offered to King George VI as he stood with his Queen at the foot of the great stairway we were about to descend in two files, one to the right, the other to the left.

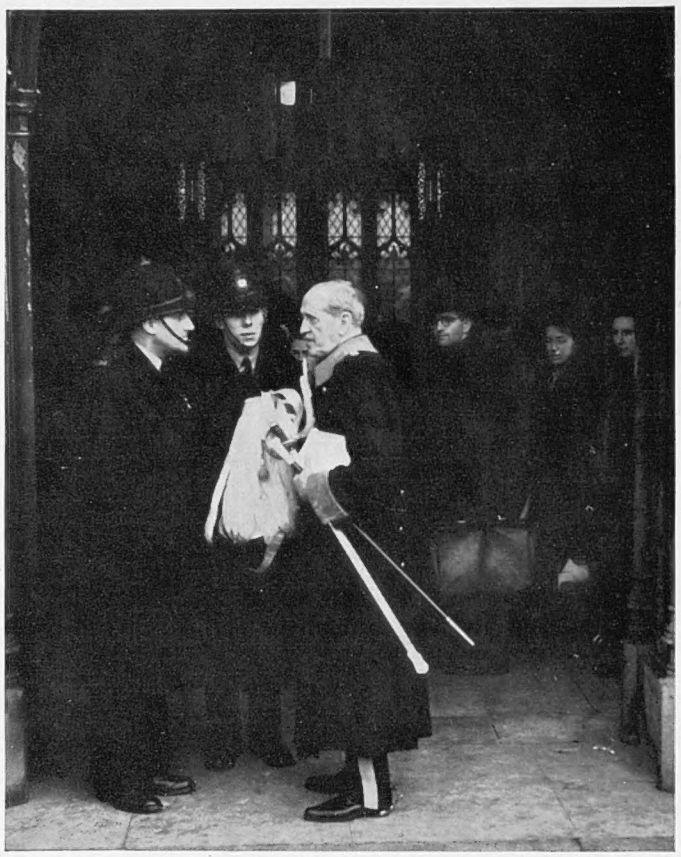
One last glance from our vantage-point, and yes, one was uplifted by the reflection that England could still do this—not necessarily better than anyone else in the world, just still do it so faultlessly, majestically and hauntingly.

Was the Hall too bare and large ? (A couple of battalions of infantry could march abreast up the stone floor.) I did not think so. The central composition telling of sorrow, simplicity, dignity, grandeur, and sorrow again, glowed brazier-like, as in the middle of a dim, cold room. The Cullinan sparkled on the Crown ; the grey walls sent back their message.

A leading broadcaster from the Hall wondered what might be uppermost in the thoughts of ordinary persons as they approached and filed by the purple catafalque draped by the Royal Standard, upon which rested the Imperial Crown, the Sceptre and the Orb, and a white wreath from the Queen Mother.

There was certainly nothing to distract. The whimper of an uncomprehending child, a stifled cough, the chiming of Big Ben. Thanks to the thick-carpeted floor, not a sound underfoot as the public streamed by, nor when the officers guarding the coffin left their posts and were relieved by others. The changing of the watch afforded pageantry at its very highest.

AN OFFICER OF THE WATCH ENTERS WESTMINSTER HALL : Sir Henry Floyd, a member of His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, arriving to take his spell of duty watching over the body of King George VI. This distinguished Corps, not to be confused with the Yeomen of the Guard, was founded in 1590 by Henry VIII, who, envying the bodyguard of Francis I, decided to have a noble guard of his own.



COLONEL CRICHTON MAITLAND LEAVING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER COMPLETING HIS SPELL OF GUARD : He is not only a member of His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, but of H.M. Bodyguard of Scotland and the Royal Company of Scottish Archers. The first officer to take command at the watch in Westminster Hall was Brig.-General Kearsley, the Corps Lieutenant. He is seventy-one.

It was the third of forty-two hours during which the public would make, perhaps, its most memorable queue. Already this stretched back to Lambeth Bridge ; by nightfall it would take three hours to reach the bier. The 300,000 or more who would pass in all before the end were not numerically great by Commonwealth-wide standards, yet they were at the heart and as if transmitting their last acts of homage to millions round the globe.

The queue varied in width almost as often as in pace, but one thing never varied—queue discipline. It was as if Londoners said : " We know how to do this. It may be a bad joke at other times. Now it 's different."

Londoners ? In my immediate purview were Indian students, American airmen and unmistakable Latins. The women heavily outnumbered the men. The earliest age deemed suitable seemed to be schoolboys and girls of ten or twelve, who almost alone departed occasionally from subdued undertones. That was another striking difference from ordinary queueing—none of London's wry banter.

Clothes were less sombre than they might have been. Many of the women had obviously tried hard with neutral shades. I saw a woman in grey buy a purple rosette from a hawker and pin it to her black hat. Not many men have black hats. Far more wear no hats. Moreover, most men now favour light colours for suits and overcoats. A black tie was as far as the average man got. The black armlet seems to be

The thoughts of the late King's citizens may well have been a mingling of awed wonder at the incomparable loveliness before them, and of reverential grief impinged upon by curiosity. Some women made curtseys by the coffin. Some men faced it with military precision, and bowed. Clearly there were those able to banish everything save private grief. As clearly there were others quite unable to resist scrutinising the astounding statuesque figures from close up, and peeping up at the Crown Jewels.

Some may have cherished a personal memory as they filed by the bier—as of the last time they had seen the dead, perhaps on the occasion when, in R.A.F. uniform, he had mounted guard with his three brothers at the lying-in-state of King George V.

I know my thoughts refused to leave the stunning loveliness and appositeness of the tableau until I drew level with the first Yeoman at the outer foot of the catafalque.

Wise were they who took a lingering last survey from beyond the big doors leading into New Palace Yard. There was no harm in looking back then, and what one saw eclipsed everything save the first view of the catafalque, from the top of the great stairway.

Seen from the opposite end of the Hall, the majesty of that unforgettable centrepiece was enhanced by having St. Stephen's Porch as background, with its great window bearing only the Royal Arms, and the long row of flags of all the Commonwealth countries ranged along the wall.

THE QUEEN'S COACH DRAWS UP IN FRONT OF THE DOOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL: A few moments before this picture was taken the King's body, which had lain in state in Westminster Hall for three days, was piped on to the gun-carriage to the shrill sound of Bosun's Pipes, and then, as this picture shows, Queen Elizabeth II and the Queen Mother, deeply veiled, emerged to take their places in the Royal carriage. From Westminster to Paddington they drove past the sorrowing multitudes. The Queen and her mother were for the most part motionless figures, save for the time when they reached Marlborough House and leaned forward to acknowledge Queen Mary, who stood in one of the windows looking down on the long procession and the multitudes around it. Also in this coach drove Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal. The coachman of the Royal coach wore scarlet, and this, together with the Sovereign's Escort, added a touch of colour to the otherwise sombre scene.

THE START OF THE JOURNEY

Queen Elizabeth II and the Queen Mother Drive Through London in the Funeral of King George VI

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSES THROUGH THE HORSE GUARDS AND TURNS UP TOWARDS THE MALL, LONDON'S GREAT PROCESSIONAL WAY: As the procession reached the Horse Guards the Queen's Life Guards turned out to carry swords and lower Standard to the coffin, to the Queen and to the Queen Mother. Walking behind the Royal carriage are seen the four dukes, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Gloucester, Windsor and Kent, who followed it in the slow-march time of sixty-five paces to the minute. Behind them again went the Kings and the Heads of States.

THE FOUR ROYAL DUKES WHO WALKED BEHIND THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AND THE DUKE OF KENT LEAVING NEW PALACE YARD AS THE PROCESSION STARTED: Behind the four Dukes walked the Field Officer-in-Brigade-Waiting, Colonel G. C. Gordon Lennox, the Personal Naval Aide-de-Camp to his late Majesty, Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Gold Stick in Waiting, Major-General Sir Richard Howard Vyse, and Silver Stick in Waiting, Colonel St. George.

THE GREAT OF THE WORLD GO BY

THE KINGS AND THE HEADS OF STATE, THE ROYAL DUKES, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE QUEEN PASS THROUGH THE HEART OF SORROWING LONDON

THE KINGS AND THE HEADS OF STATE SET OUT—THEY FOLLOWED THE ROYAL DUKES, WHO IN TURN FOLLOWED THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE IN THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE MILE-LONG PROCESSION: Walking in the front file were the President of the French Republic, the King of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes and the King of Sweden. Immediately behind them were the President of Yugoslavia, the King of Iraq, who is obscured from the camera's view, and the President of the Turkish Republic. In the third file, all in military uniform, were the Crown Prince of Jordan, the Crown Prince of Norway and the Crown Prince of Ethiopia. In the fourth file were the Prince of Liége, the Prince of Luxembourg, the Prince of the Netherlands and Prince Ali Reza. Then followed Prince Axel of Denmark and Prince Zeid of Iraq.

DELEGATIONS OF OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S ARMIES, NAVIES AND AIR FORCES—THE OFFICERS PASSING THROUGH THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE WHERE THE NAVAL GUARDS LINING THE ROUTE STOOD WITH ARMS REVERSED: These delegations represented Brazil, Netherlands, France, Egypt, Belgium, Norway, Iraq, Soviet Union, Denmark, Greece, Sweden, Argentine, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Thailand, United States, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Burma, Switzerland, Israel, Italy, Iran, Turkey.

ON THE HORSE GUARDS

THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN DRAWN BY NAVAL RATINGS, ON EACH SIDE OF WHOM MARCHED THE BEARER PARTY OF THE KING'S COMPANY GRENADIER GUARDS : At this stage, when the procession had reached the Horse Guards Parade, it had not attained its full length, and so it was that the crowds in Parliament Square and Whitehall did not see the full pageantry of the occasion. The head of the procession was actually in the Mall, just beyond the Duke of York's steps where, stationed in readiness to take the lead, were bands of the R.A.F. and the Welsh Guards. The cortege itself represented the central part of the procession.

—AND IN PICCADILLY

THE PROCESSION PASSING GREEN PARK—A VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF PICCADILLY, WHERE AT SOME POINTS THE CROWDS WERE MASSED FIFTEEN DEEP : Even the mourning clothes of the crowds and the sorrow of the occasion could not rob this cavalcade of its pageantry and colour. On the gun-carriage rested the Crown, the Regalia and the Insignia of the Order of the Garter, these symbols having been placed on the coffin during the lying-in-state in Westminster Hall. Also upon the coffin was the wreath of the Queen Mother. Beside the gun-carriage were the King's equerries, with Gentlemen-at-Arms walking on the outer flanks.

THE ROYAL FUNERAL TRAIN AT PADDINGTON

THE MOMENT OF DEPARTURE FROM THE CAPITAL FOR THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF WINDSOR

THE LAST MOMENTS IN LONDON: The Queen's coach drawn up in Paddington Station as the coffin bearing the last remains of King George VI was placed aboard the Royal train. The funeral coach was sealed as the Queen and other Royal mourners watched silently from the platform. The Royal party then entered their coaches in the train and the assembled pipers played "The Flowers of the Forest" as it steamed out.

Below—**THE "WINDSOR CASTLE" ABOUT TO START THE JOURNEY TO WINDSOR:** Immediately behind the engine was a brake coach for flowers and a saloon for the escort. Next was the black funeral coach. When the train was shunted into Paddington last Friday morning the station had already been closed to the public except for intending passengers. At many points along the main line from Paddington to Windsor people stood in homage to the King.

ROYAL FUNERALS DOWN THE AGES

Ten Centuries of Tradition—An Historian's View of the Ceremonial

"THE most awful and magnificent spectacle witnessed in this country." So wrote a contemporary of the funeral of George III. Nearly 200 years later the judgment still holds good to-day.

We can look back over a thousand years at the spectacle of the burials of a succession of English and British monarchs. We can see their subjects' last tributes through the eyes of contemporary chroniclers or more remote historians, diverting gossipers or romantic poets. There is sometimes splendour and glory, sometimes obscurity and even indignity. Some British sovereigns have been regarded as saints by their people, but none, in death, have been reviled.

The Crown is the symbol of the stability of the British tradition. Of the last twenty British sovereigns, eighteen have been buried in Westminster or Windsor. The two exceptions are George I, who was taken to die in his beloved Hanover, and James II, who ended his life in Paris. He was buried first of all in the church of the English Benedictines there, "in the vain hope," according to Macaulay, "that at some future time he would be laid with kingly pomp at Westminster." Apart from the Abbey and Windsor, only two other churches in England hold the mortal remains of her monarchs: Winchester, the last resting-place of William Rufus, and Worcester, King John's favourite cathedral, and where, according to his own wish, he lies between two saints. Westminster has been concerned with Royal burials for over ten centuries. Some of the Normans were buried in France, and King Henry V and King Henry VII had funeral services in both the Abbey and St. Paul's. But the Abbey is unique in its Royal associations. Here sovereigns are crowned and here, more often than not, they were laid to rest until George III started the family vault in Windsor.

Jeremy Taylor wrote of the Abbey: "Where our kings are crowned, their ancestors lie interred and they must walk over their grandsires' head to take his crown." And Waller:

> "It gives them crowns and doth their ashes keep."

No other monarchy, past or present, can boast such a tradition. The Habsburgs were buried in the Capuchin vault in Vienna, but they were not crowned there. The Czars had three cathedrals in the Kremlin, one for coronation, a second for marriage, and a third for funeral. The kings of Poland were usually crowned and buried in the same cathedral, Cracow, but theirs was an unhappy history.

As is to be expected, the history of British Royal funerals reveals some paradoxes and curiosities. The most luxurious obsequies in Westminster Abbey were not for a king at all, but for the Republican Protector, Cromwell. They cost £60,000, which was half as much again as any kingly funeral had cost to that date. (After the Restoration, it will be remembered, Cromwell's body was disinterred and subjected to numberless indignities.) Possibly Henry V's last rites came near to vying with Cromwell's in splendour. Henry died in France, at the start of a Crusade. Both Paris and Rouen wanted to keep his body—and were prepared to pay for this privilege. But Henry was pre-eminently an Englishman, and the funeral cortege, headed by King James I of Scotland, proceeded from Paris by way of Calais and Dover to London. The King's three favourite horses were led into the Abbey as part of the final ceremonies.

The most obscure funeral was of the most magnificent of kings, Charles II. The diarist Evelyn tells us: "He was very obscurely buried at night, without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten, after all his vanity." The reason for this was undoubtedly a religious one. His successor, and brother, James II, was an open Papist.

William III, who, with the British aristocracy, solved the religious problem of the succession, has the doubtful honour of inspiring after his death some of the worst lines in English poetry. Regarding his tomb in the Abbey, Watts could not resist the chance for pointing a moral:

> "Preserve, Oh! Venerable Pile,
> Inviolate thy sacred trust,
> To thy cold arms the British Isle
> Weeping commits her richest dust."

His wife, Queen Mary II, who predeceased him in December 1694, was the first sovereign in whose funeral procession the two Houses of Parliament walked. Until her reign, the Parliaments had always expired with the sovereign. An odd incident occurred during this funeral. A robin, which had taken refuge in the Abbey from the cold and snow outside, perched constantly on the hearse. This was regarded as symbolic of the people's love for their dead Queen.

Another Mary—Queen of Scots—was the last sovereign to be treated as a saint. In 1626, James I ordered her body to be brought from Peterborough to Westminster, and many miracles were reported to have been worked by her tomb.

THE TOMB OF KING GEORGE V IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: It stands in the second bay of the nave of the Chapel, a fine example of the art of Sir William Reid Dick. King George V, who gave to his dynasty the name of the Royal House of Windsor, was laid to rest in St. George's Chapel in January 1936.

The first English King reputedly buried in the Abbey was a saintly character, Edward the Confessor. According to legend, his body was disinterred by Henry II and found to be in a state of perfect preservation, including its white beard. Henry VI chose the site for his grave in Westminster but, dying at Chertsey, he was buried first at Windsor. Edward VI's funeral was the cause of a long dispute between Catholic Mary and her ministers as to what rites should be used, and Edward's body remained unburied for over a month.

Elizabeth's funeral procession took place down the Thames, when her body was brought by water from Richmond to Westminster. John Stow described the scene round the Abbey: "There was such a general sighing, groaning and weeping, as the like has not been seen or known in memory; neither does any history mention any people, time or state to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."

Until the latter half of the eighteenth century, Royal funerals seem to have been conducted with decency and decorum. On the death of Queen Caroline in 1739, Handel composed a special anthem. Caroline's husband, George II, was the last King to be buried in the Abbey, but the ceremony in the Henry VII Chapel was not altogether impressive to Horace Walpole:

"The Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin. . . . The Duke of Cumberland . . . his face bloated and distorted, bore it all with firm and unaffected countenance."

But the behaviour of the Prime Minister, Newcastle, was a "burlesque":

"He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came in—the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle. But in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy and he ran about the Chapel to spy who was or was not there." Then, afraid of catching cold, he stood on the Duke of Cumberland's train to avoid the chill of the marble floor. But of the funeral as a whole, Walpole admitted it was "a noble sight."

Another great recorder of events, Mrs. Arbuthnot, attended George IV's funeral at Windsor. She was told that the new King, William IV, talked the whole time to Prince George of Cumberland "about all sorts of nonsense," including reminiscences of his early days in the Navy, of which he never tired of speaking, in season and out of season. When William died, seven years later, the indefatigable Greville was at the funeral. Greville at first was offended by "a host of persons chattering and laughing and with nothing of woe about them except the garb." But "the procession moving slowly through closed ranks of Horse and Foot Guards holding tapers and torches in their hands, whilst at intervals the bands played a Dead March, had, however, a very imposing effect."

The clergy, upon whom so much responsibility devolves at a Royal funeral, seem only to be noticed when their behaviour is out of the ordinary. For example, in his funeral sermon on James I, Dean Williams compared his late Majesty *in every way* with Solomon, which might have been better expressed. Walpole and Greville both complained about the bad reading of bishops and deans. But Macaulay, whose style is so vivid one is almost forced to believe he himself was present, pays a tribute to Archbishop Tenison at Queen Mary II's burial. "Towards the close (of his discourse) he told what he himself had seen and heard with a simplicity more affecting than the most skilful rhetoric."

Babblers and scribblers may have found fault with Royal funerals, but there is always a deep underlying respect for the Crown and its holder, and to counterbalance their carping, there are the English poets. William Lisle Bowles, the first Romantic, drew a verse picture of the burial of Charles I:

> "We thought on him with tears."

And Shakespeare cried over the death of Henry V:

> "Hung be the heavens with black,
> turn day to night."

Two epitaphs on monarchs of long ago, but still applicable to-day as a world-wide family mourns the departure of a beloved sovereign.

Of all the poets perhaps Tennyson, one of the great Laureates of the Victorian age, was the most conscious of the sombre pageantry of Royal funerals.

If one turns back the pages of THE SPHERE to that day in May 1910 when Edward the Peacemaker passed on, one would find indeed upon the frontispiece of the funeral number the poet's immortal words on the passing of Arthur:

> "But when that moan had passed for evermore,
> The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
> Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is Gone.'
> And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
> 'From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'"

Yes, indeed, the stately rhythm of Tennyson met the occasion nobly. The poets of to-day, cast in a less heroic mould, seem reluctant to embark upon such themes. Some of them, it may be hazarded, would certainly founder in the process.

C. D.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

From the Half Spanish Mary I to Victoria the Great

QUEEN MARY I (1516-1558) : This is a portrait by an unknown artist of the daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon. Her faults were those of inexperience and conviction, but she was hardly the villainess history has made her out to have been.

QUEEN MARY II (1662-1694) : After a portrait by W. Issing. This daughter of James II by his first wife, Anne Hyde, was betrothed to William, Prince of Orange, when it was realised that she would probably inherit the Crown. Her life, torn by conflicting loyalties to her father and her husband, was far from happy. Together with her husband she was proclaimed joint Sovereign of England and later of Scotland.

QUEEN ANNE (1665-1714) : A portrait by Michael Dahl. Anne's reign is renowned as the English Augustan Age. After her marriage she was afflicted by ill-health and harassed by domestic troubles, having borne seventeen children, only one of whom survived infancy.

For all their chivalry Medieval men had no high opinion of the virtues of women as rulers, so it was not until the sixteenth century that a Queen was accepted as ruler of England. An attempt to establish a woman on the Throne was made in 1135, when Henry I died leaving not a son but a daughter, Matilda (or Maud). Although the King had intended that his daughter should succeed him, Matilda's cousin, Stephen, had little difficulty in seizing the crown. Throughout almost the whole of Stephen's reign (1135-54) there was civil war between Stephen's supporters and the Matildine faction, and most of England was abandoned to anarchy.

This anarchy was remembered for centuries and England was not unnaturally anxious that the experiment of a Queen should not be repeated. The desire for a son was largely responsible for Henry VIII's divorce of Catherine of Aragon—the divorce that was the occasion, if not the cause, of the Reformation in England. Henry did have a son by his third wife, Jane Seymour. The son became Edward VI (1547-53), but he had no heir and was succeeded, ironically enough, by Mary I, daughter of Henry VIII by Catherine of Aragon.

Thus the first Queen of England was half-Spanish in her blood and Catholic in her religion. The ambitions of her reign were to bring England back into the Roman fold and to bear a son. In the former she succeeded, at least temporarily, but her marriage with Philip II of Spain proved barren. Mary was a devout and strong-minded woman. Unfortunately, most of her determination was directed to the exterpation of heresy, and her reign (1553-58) is remembered chiefly for the execution fires of Smithfield. The Smithfield burnings have earned Mary the tag of "Bloody Mary," but this does less than justice to a monarch who was popular with the majority of her subjects. Mary's conduct when she came to the throne offers no cause, indeed, for condemnation. She pardoned Lady Jane Grey's father, wished at first to spare Northumberland, and only after the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyat, consented to the execution of Lady Jane herself. That she was no tyrant is proved by her instructions to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas "not to sit in judgment otherwise for her highness than for her subjects."

Mary was succeeded by Elizabeth, another daughter of Henry VIII, this time by Anne Boleyn, his second wife. Her long reign (1558-1603) saw the full blooming of the Renaissance in England and the foundation of the British Empire abroad. Elizabeth I became the champion of Protestantism in Europe, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 was a national epic not to be rivalled until the Battle of Britain in 1940. Hers was the era of Raleigh, Drake and Shakespeare, but for all its glories it was a cruel age, a failing to be found on occasion in the Queen. There has been much speculation over Elizabeth's alleged lovers and why the Queen never married. One reason, no doubt, was that marriage was a political counter that Elizabeth never wished to lose.

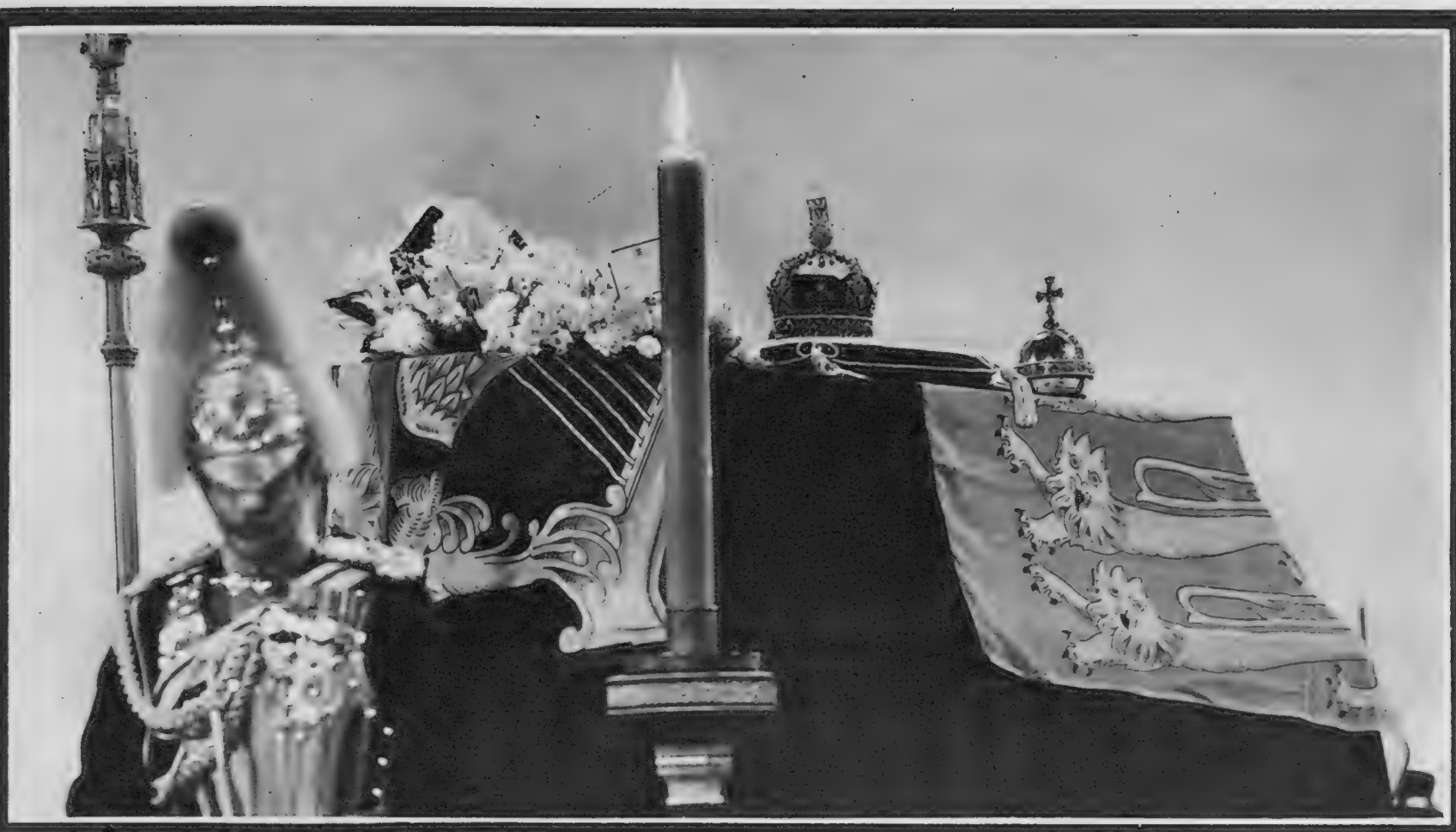
One of the best summings-up of Queen Elizabeth was perhaps that of Professor J. E. Neale. "It is difficult," he said, "to convey a proper appreciation of this amazing Queen, so keenly intelligent, so effervescing, so intimate, so imperious and regal. She intoxicated Court and country, keyed her realm to the intensity of her own spirit. No one but a woman could have done it, and no woman without her superlative gifts could have attempted it without disaster. In part instinctive, it was also conscious and deliberate."

Over eighty years passed before England again had an age of Queens, then, once again, sisters succeeded each other. In 1688 James II, a Catholic, was overthrown by the "Glorious Revolution." The Protestant William of Orange brought an army to England and accepted the throne. He shared it, however, with his wife, Mary II, a daughter of James II, but a Protestant, and therefore acceptable to the people. This arrangement by which the throne was shared equally by husband and wife is unique in English history. The reign of William and Mary is chiefly notable for the start of the long duel between England and Louis XIV. This duel was concluded under Anne (1702-14), Mary's sister. The great Duke of Marlborough (the ancestor of Winston Churchill) won a series of victories on the Continent that brought British arms to an unprecedented eminence. Anne married Prince George of Denmark. The union brought domestic bliss but none of the children survived to inherit the crown. Finally we come to the reign of Victoria (1837-1901). During her reign British prosperity, resulting from an early start in the industrial revolution, reached its zenith. British rule in India was formalised in the proclamation of Victoria as "Empress of India" in 1877. Victoria married Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The marriage was happy, but it was many years before the British people really "accepted" the Prince.

Yes: great days have attended the reigns of English Queens—in particular those of Elizabeth I, Anne and Victoria. Spain was humbled by Elizabeth and England and the England of Anne defeated Louis XIV. The reign of Victoria saw a peak in Britain's commercial and political supremacy.

QUEEN ELIZABETH I OF ENGLAND (1533-1603) : This portrait of the great Queen was the work of an unknown artist. Elizabeth expressed three attitudes which she consistently maintained to her Parliament : "I am your anointed Queen. I will never be by violence constrained to do anything. I thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat I were able to live in any place in Christendom."

QUEEN VICTORIA (1819-1901) : This portrait is after H. Angeli. Queen Victoria acceded to the throne in 1837. Despite her lack of inches—she was under 5 ft. in height—all who knew her were impressed by her dignity and charmed by her graceful vitality.

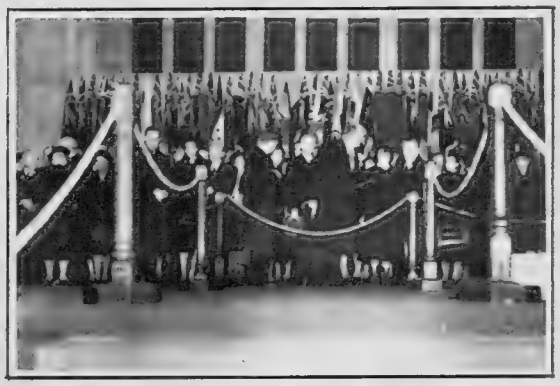


THE CROWN, THE ORB, THE SCEPTRE AND A SINGLE WREATH : These were the emblems that lay upon the Royal Standard draping the coffin of King George VI as it stood in historic Westminster Hall for the three-day ceremony of lying-in-state, at which the people of the capital, and those who thronged into the capital, could pay their last tributes to his Majesty.

KING GEORGE VI LIES IN STATE

TO RECEIVE THE HOMAGE OF THE PEOPLE IN HISTORIC WESTMINSTER HALL

***Below*—THE LAST EARTHLY REMAINS OF KING GEORGE VI RECEIVE THE TRIBUTE OF MOURNING, HOMAGE AND THANKSGIVING :** As the people filed through Westminster Hall at the rate of 5,000 an hour during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, officers stood motionless at each corner of the catafalque, and below the steps were Yeomen Warders.



AMONG THE FIRST WHO CAME TO WESTMINSTER HALL. Members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, Ambassadors and servants of the Royal Households gathered at one end of the great Hall as they looked across towards the catafalque upon which the King's coffin lay.

THE VIGIL at WESTMINSTER

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF KING GEORGE VI BENEATH THE GREAT HAMMER-BEAM ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL

On the first day of the King's lying-in-state 76,000 of his subjects thronged historic Westminster Hall to pay their last tributes, and scarcely had the police closed the Hall in the early hours of the morning before a new queue began to form for the following day, when 108,000 filed reverently before the catafalque between 8 in the morning and 3.30 on the following morning. Just as the doors of the Hall opened on the third day snow began to fall heavily, but this did not deter the people, and in the end it was found necessary to keep the Hall open continuously until 6 a.m. on the funeral morning. Westminster for three days was a place of pilgrimage, not only for the people of London, but from many parts of Britain, who united in this homage to a beloved Sovereign. The most moving tribute of all was perhaps that of the King's brother, the uncrowned Edward VIII, now the Duke of Windsor, who came with his mother, the Dowager Queen Mary, and his sister, the Princess Royal, to kneel before the catafalque—the tribute of a brother to a brother.

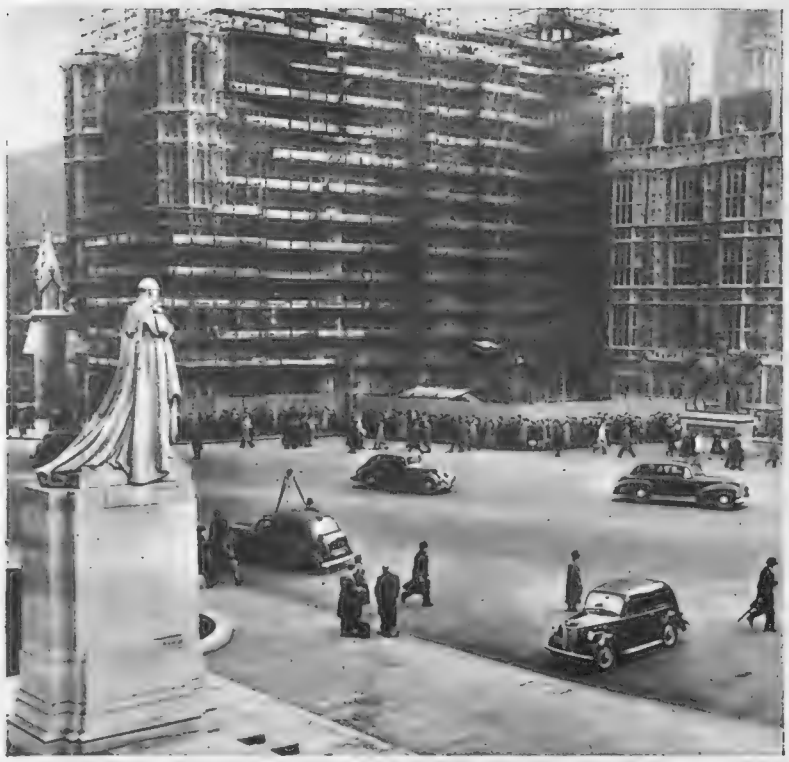
The watch over the King's coffin by officers of the Household Cavalry and the Foot Guards continued from Monday evening to Friday morning, the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Scots Guards, the Irish Guards and the Welsh Guards all taking part, and each day being divided into four watches of six hours. With them were the Yeomen Warders of the Tower. Taking an independent watch were the officers of the King's noble bodyguard, the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

The scene within Westminster Hall during the days of vigil was at once majestic yet simple in all its impressive solemnity. The tall candles surrounding the catafalque shed a soft, golden light upon the coffin and upon the glittering Crown, Orb and Sceptre which lay upon it. One wreath lay upon the coffin beside the symbols of Royalty, the wreath of the Queen Mother, and at the foot of the catafalque lay the wreath of the King's daughter, Queen Elizabeth II

STANDING GUARD AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE HALL OF VIGIL: Household Cavalry on duty at Westminster Hall. They shared three days of watch with the Foot Guards.

A PART OF THE TREMENDOUS QUEUE WAITING TO PAY HOMAGE AT THE LYING-IN-STATE : They passed the catafalque in Westminster Hall at the rate of 5,000 an hour after waiting along the Embankment, sometimes for hours in the icy winds. At one time the queue stretched across Lambeth Bridge, seen on the right, and doubled back twice on its own length on both sides of St. Thomas's Hospital on the opposite bank. Later, police sealed off Lambeth Bridge and allowed the queue to form westwards to Vauxhall Bridge. Westminster Hall closed on the second night of the public lying-in-state at 3.30 a.m.

LONDON'S HOMAGE



THE STATUE OF GEORGE V LOOKS DOWN ON THE CROWDS WHO CAME TO REVERENCE THE KING'S SON : On the right, beneath the walls of Parliament, is the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion. Taking part in this simple but impressive tribute to a beloved Sovereign were schoolboys, nurses, Servicemen and whole families from London and the provinces.

THE NIGHT-TIME QUEUE AT LAMBETH BRIDGE : Crowds are seen making for the bridge to find the end of the queue, which curled round buildings on the other side of the Thames.

NEARING WESTMINSTER HALL AFTER A LONG WAIT : The queue within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall.

Below—

THE HEAD OF THE LONG QUEUE ENTERS THE DOORWAY AT ST. STEPHEN'S ENTRANCE TO WESTMINSTER HALL : Just inside they split into two files, passing quietly on either side of the catafalque and sometimes pausing in tribute.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

WINDSOR

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY, THE VALHALLA OF THE ROYAL HOUSE

IT was fitting that a King of England, who was also a squire upon his own estate, the place which he looked upon as home, should rest, in the first days after he died, among his own people, guarded by the game-keepers and foresters of his beloved Sandringham where he had enjoyed some of the happiest days of his life, not least that last day of all in the open air amid the winter sunshine of the Norfolk woods and fields.

It was fitting, too, that a King of England, who epitomised the strength of the constitutional monarchy, should rest for a while to receive homage in the Palace of Westminster, that place of historic associations where, some 670 years ago, the knights of the shires and the burgesses sat for the first time with the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, where in the intervening years dramatic events had taken place, vitally affecting the course of English history.

It was no less fitting that in the last hours of funeral ceremonial the scene should shift westwards to the heights of Windsor, to St. George's Chapel within the Castle battlements, which is Royalty's private chapel—in fact, the Valhalla of the House of Windsor, and more than that, a burial-place of kings since the days of Edward IV; though not the only place, be it noted; for at Westminster Abbey lie eighteen British monarchs, including Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, and the last to be buried there, George II; while there are Plantagenet kings at Fontevrault; George I rests in Germany, far from the England of whose language he could hardly speak a word; and the far-from-excellent King John lies in the odour of sanctity in Worcester Cathedral.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor, however, has its own special significance to modern generations—this glorious old Gothic building, this delicate poem in stone, which hallows by its presence the whole of the Castle and its surroundings.

There within the Castle precincts it stands in its sheer stateliness, with its carved stalls and its emblazoned banners of the Knights of the Garter, its roof panelled and enriched with heraldic devices, and its Royal Closet, where George III worshipped with his family and whence Queen Victoria in the years of long, self-imposed mourning witnessed the marriage ceremonies of her children.

There, only sixteen years ago, George V, who ordained that the Royal House should be the House of Windsor, was laid to rest, and there on February 15, 1952, his son followed him, having passed through his capital for the last time, among the sorrowing multitudes along the processional route to Paddington, followed by Kings and Princes, the heads of States, the illustrious of the land. Now he lies in the vault of kings in the great grey crypt, his last journey done.

Windsor was a Royal place even in remote times. It has been a part of English history, indeed, since King Harold II protected the chalk promontory above the Thames by a wooden fortification, a prelude to the more permanent fortress of the days of the Conqueror, the massive round tower that emerged in the times of Henry III and of Edward III.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE VI—THE STATELY CEREMONY WITHIN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1948, WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS INSTALLED AS A LADY OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAS AMONG THOSE INSTALLED AS A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER: Above the stalls are placed the banners, swords, helmets and crests of the Royal members of this ancient order of knighthood, which in July of that same year, 1948, celebrated the 600th anniversary of its institution. Each Knight of the Garter is allotted a stall in St. George's Chapel, and on it is set up a plate engraved with his titles and coats-of-arms.

In the Dean's Cloister at Windsor there still remain faint traces of a chapel erected by Henry III and dedicated to Edward the Confessor. It was pulled down by Edward III to give place to one of his own making—for the use, indeed, of the noble Order which he founded, the Knights of the Garter. The patron saint of the new Order was St. George, and that was how St. George's Chapel came into being, "a Royal chapel founded by Royal authority for the use of the Royal Family and household within the castle walls."

This, of course, was not the superb St. George's Chapel we know to-day; but it is of special significance by reason of its rather strange link with one of the most glorious names in English history, none other than Geoffrey Chaucer, the Poet-Clerk of the Works who apparently failed as signally in his clerking as he succeeded in his story-telling, who was evidently no man of business, but enriched the English language as it had never been enriched before. Chaucer, who lived for a while in a whirlwind of prosperity after the accession of Richard II, held many Government offices, and at one stage he was appointed Clerk of the King's Works at the Palace of Westminster, at the Tower of London, at the King's Manors at Kennington, Eltham, Byfleet and Sheen, and at the mews for the King's Falcons at Charing Cross.

In July 1390 Chaucer was ordered to procure workmen and materials for the repair of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, just about the same time, indeed, as he was a member of a commission for the repair of the Thames banks between Woolwich and Greenwich. In Hepworth Dixon's *Annals of Windsor* there is a masterly picture of the good Chaucer as he went about his daily tasks: "A round and buoyant man, with drooping and reflective brows, and somewhat elfish cast of face, was Geoffrey Chaucer, poet-laureate and master of the King's works," says this historian, adding, "A charm of charms lurked in his face; a face of Saxon pink and white, oval in shape, with strong and well-set, short upper lip, quivering with hidden mirth, light eyebrows and a line of pale moustache. His locks were silver-grey. A fringe of hair, escaping from his hood, hung down his cheek from brow to ear. A thin and grey moustache curled round into his beard, which was bifurked and short. The countenance, so gentle that a stranger might have called it feminine, was lighted up by eyes as deep as night, as quick as fire; a wondrous pair of eyes, in which the flame was never latent and implied, but burning with a steadfast glow. Soft, radiant, frolicsome, was the whole impression of that face. Though booted as a king's esquire, the poet was arrayed, not in a soldier's cap and coat, but in a hood and gown. His gown was dark in hue and open at the breast. A string hung from his fingers; evidence of his piety, and perhaps his pilgrimage. That quaint old man had knelt before the martyr's shrine; that quaint old man had sung the Canterbury Tales. And he was like the fame he bore; in spite of boot and spur, he looked more like a Benedictine father than a trooper from the camps in France."

Whether a master-builder or not—and the qualifications of the vintner's son will always be open to doubt—Geoffrey Chaucer went to Windsor in the days of Wykeham's Chancellorship. He held securely in his hands the King's Commission, the gift of his Lancastrian friends, and for a time at any rate he was the Master of His Majesty's Works.

If the job was new to Chaucer, Windsor certainly was not. He knew well the life at Court, for had he not in earlier days been a page to a son of Edward III, married a lady in attendance upon Queen Phillipa, and written poems by the score for the delight of the Queen and the Court? He had been Ambassador to France and to Italy; and he had fought in various campaigns in which the King and his sons had taken part, notably the expedition to France in 1359. It was in 1374, on St. George's Day, that King Edward III conferred upon Chaucer, by a patent dated at Windsor, the office of Poet-Laureate. It was, however, not until 1390, when the reign of Richard II was well on its way, that Chaucer set about his task of rescuing the Chapel of St. George's from impending ruin. That he failed in his task seems clear; though the reason for the failure remains obscure. All that is known is that by September 1391 one John Gedney stood in the place of Geoffrey Chaucer. As a man of business, it seems that the Poet had not pleased the King.

During the Wars of the Roses St. George's Chapel fell into decay. Edward IV rebuilt it—tradition says to expiate his sins—and Tudor successors added to its glories. The nave of St. George's was vaulted about the year 1490, but the choir groining was not finished until 1507, and the lantern and the rood screening did not follow until 1516.

Edward IV was the first sovereign to be buried in the Chapel. This Prince of the Renaissance, who had ruled somewhat tyrannically over England, is remembered at least as a patron of the new culture and a friend of Caxton. London knew him as it knew few other of England's kings. His strongest weapon had been his fine presence and his affable manners. Nothing remains of his splendid tomb, which included an effigy of the King in silver, except part of the wrought-iron grille which surrounded it. One of the most elaborate and skilfully-wrought pieces of ironwork in the world, it is attributed to the great Quintin Matsys.

Little more than a year after the passing of Edward IV, that tragic figure, Henry VI, was buried at St. George's. He had originally been buried in Chertsey Abbey, immediately after his secret murder, but stories of miracles performed at his tomb at Chertsey caused his removal, and he lies on the opposite side of the High Altar to his great rival, Edward. It is an appropriate spot; for this most pious of kings, so earnest in the spread of education, was the founder of Eton, which stands near Windsor in the plain.

The next sovereign to be buried at Windsor was Henry VIII. That burly monarch, who always knew exactly what he wanted, directed that his body should be laid beside that of Jane Seymour, and he also indicated that he wanted a magnificent bronze-and-marble tomb. But it was not to be. Henry VIII was buried at St. George's, but his last commands were utterly ignored—ignored as they seldom were during his lifetime, when few dared to thwart him in his will or to stem the torrent of his lawless passion. The truth is that the tomb of Henry VIII was never properly completed, and what existed of its metal was probably melted down by the Commonwealth. No trace of it remains.

Charles I was buried at St. George's, without a service, in the midst of a snowstorm on February 7, 1649. The Chapel had been pillaged during the Civil War, and the Royal vault could not be found until

(*Continued on following page*)

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

WINDSOR

THE VALHALLA OF THE ROYAL HOUSE

(*Continued from previous page*)

an inhabitant of Windsor pointed out the stone which had been lifted to receive the remains of Henry VIII. There the headless body of the martyr King was laid to rest.

A quarter of a century later Samuel Pepys recorded that he was staying at the Garter Inn at Windsor, and he duly noted in his diary of February 1665 a visit to the great Chapel in the company of Dr. Childe. With his quick perception of detail the little Secretary to the Admiralty noted the deep bowing to the altar " of the poor knights in particular." Later in the day he visited " the most romantesque castle that is in the world," and duly recorded his wonderment.

Coming to more modern times we light upon another memorable recorder of the Windsor scene, none other than Mrs. Oliphant, who, after the death of her husband, lived for many years in Clarence Crescent, Windsor, sustaining her family and her many responsibilities by the unceasing flow of her literary output. Mrs. Oliphant, in her story, *Within the Precincts*, gave most interesting glimpses of St. George's in the Victorian age, disguising it under the name of St. Michael's.

" The Abbey Church of St. Michael's," said Mrs. Oliphant, " stands on a low hill in a flat and fertile country. The Abbey was as splendid as any cathedral, and possessed a dean and chapter, though no bishop. It was of late Gothic, perpendicular and magnificent; and the walls and towers which still surrounded it, and even the old houses within the precincts, were older still than the Abbey, and could have furnished many ' bits ' to make the heart of a mediæval architect glad. . . . The beautiful church was the chapel of an Order of knighthood, and opposite to it—forming an integral part of the pile of buildings—was a line of small ancient houses, forming a kind of screen and inner wall of defence to the sacred citadel, which were the lodges of a supplementary order of pensioners—Chevaliers of St. Michael—

On right—

ROYAL WINDSOR, THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF KING GEORGE VI, THE TENTH MONARCH TO LIE AT WINDSOR—THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF THE CASTLE IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ROUND TOWER IN THE CENTRE, AND ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN THE FOREGROUND: After the funeral service in St. George's the King's body was laid to rest in the crypt with other members of the House of Windsor and the House of Hanover, George V, Edward VII, William IV, George IV and George III. The residential part of the Castle surrounds what is known as the Upper Ward, which is reached via the George IV Gateway. The Round Tower is surrounded by the remains of a moat. In the right foreground, leading to The Lower Ward and St. George's Chapel, is the Henry VIII Gateway. St. George's Chapel is one of the finest existing examples of the late Perpendicular style. Between the wars it underwent extensive restoration so that now architects declare it will endure for centuries.

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which at the time of the foundation had given such a balance as the Middle Ages loved, of Christian charity and help, to the splendour and braggadocio of the more glorious knights. Thus the little community which inhabited this noble old pile of buildings was varied and composite. The highest official in it was the costly and aristocratic dean, the lowest the lay-clerks, who were housed humbly in the shadow of the church in a little cloister of their own. . . ."

Mrs. Oliphant went on to present thinly-veiled portraits of the Dean who ruled in her day, and of other notabilities of the time, and no doubt she enjoyed this literary excursion immensely, this lady whom sheer necessity kept so ceaselessly at work, and whose domestic sorrows were so many.

It was in the nineteenth century that Windsor came more and more to be the burial-place of kings. George III, George IV, and William IV were all laid in St. George's, while Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort, was placed in the great mausoleum at Frogmore, where, at the start of the twentieth century, the Queen followed him.

In addition to the vaults under St. George's and the lavish Frogmore Mausoleum there is yet another cemetery of Royalty at Windsor. This is the Albert Memorial Chapel, which closely adjoins St. George's. Originally built by Henry VII to be the burial-place of the Tudors, that monarch altered his mind and enclosed a chapel in Westminster Abbey for the purpose. The Windsor Chapel was transferred to Cardinal Wolsey, then at the height of his power. With characteristic love of pomp, Wolsey prepared for himself a marble sarcophagus of remarkable magnificence, which his body was not destined to occupy, since he fell from favour and was interred more humbly, if no less effectively, at Leicester. The sarcophagus remained in the chapel, however, until the construction of a vault beneath, in 1805, when it was removed and, three years later, taken to St. Paul's Cathedral to receive the ashes of Nelson. It can now be seen reconstructed in the crypt of St. Paul's.

While Queen Victoria spent £200,000 on the Frogmore Mausoleum, she was almost equally lavish in renovating and adorning the Albert Memorial Chapel. Not until 1874 was the work complete. The chapel is small, and, except that the effigies tend to overcrowd it by their size, extremely beautiful.

It was in the Albert Memorial Chapel that the funeral service of Queen Alexandra, Consort of Edward VII, took place in 1925, as St. George's was at the time in the hands of the builders. The funerals of Victoria, Edward VII, George V, and George VI, however, all reached their climax before the altar of St. George's, on all four occasions a climax of deep solemnity at once moving in its simplicity and well-nigh overwhelming in the emotion that it called forth.

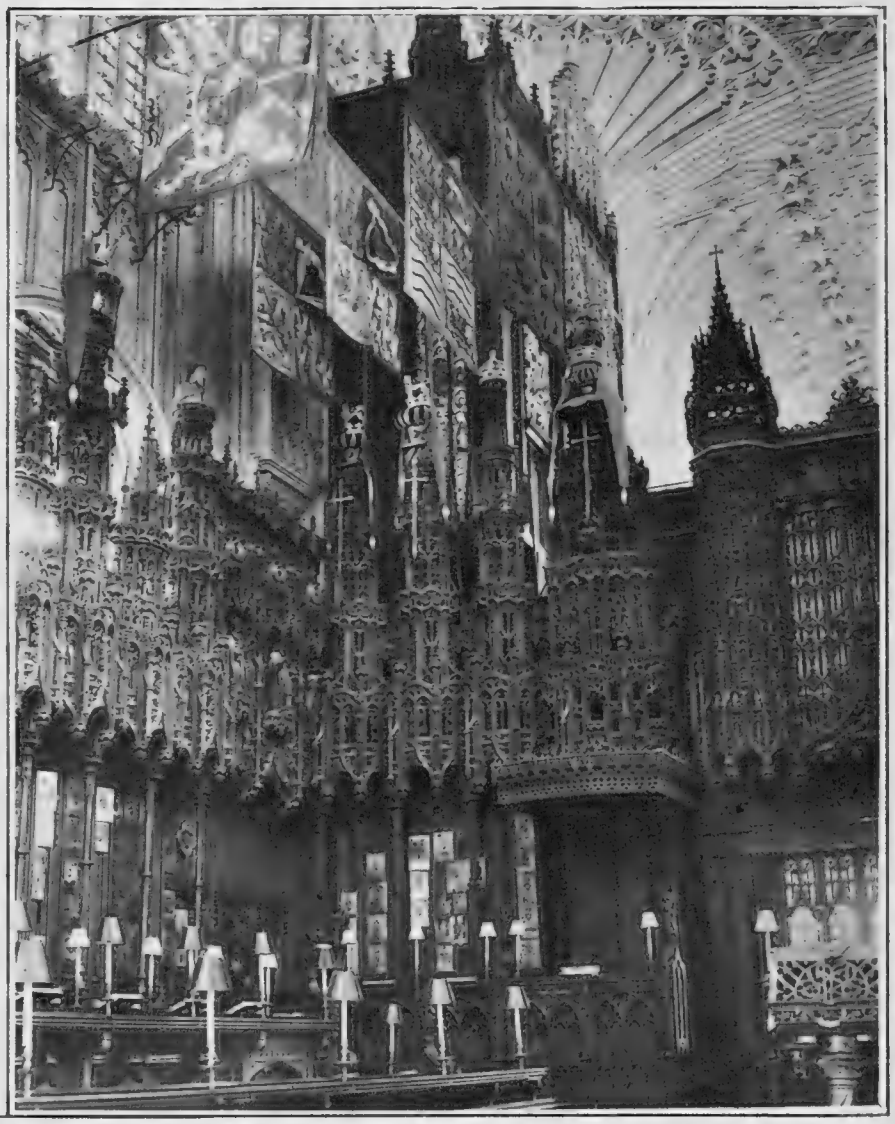
Richard Edmonds

THE ROUND TOWER OF EDWARD III.
THE MOAT
STATE ENTRANCE TOWER
THE UPPER WARD
EAST TERRACE GARDENS
GEORGE IV. GATEWAY
THE LOWER WARD
MILITARY KNIGHTS' RESIDENCES
HENRY VIII. GATEWAY

THE WEST ENTRANCE TO ST. GEORGE'S FROM THE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS: Through this doorway the King's last earthly remains were carried after the journey from London. To-day, as for many generations, the ancient Chapel is famous for the solemn dignity of its services, the beauty of its music, and its intimate associations with the Royal Family of England. As the Chapel of the Order of the Garter, it is regularly the scene of brilliant ceremonial.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

THE SCENE OF THE LAST OBSEQUIES OF KING GEORGE VI: In St. George's Chapel lie ten Kings of England. It is to Henry VII that the world owes this beautiful chapel, although he himself reposes in Westminster Abbey.



THE ROYAL STALLS IN ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR: Above the stalls are the banners, swords, helmets and crests of the Royal members of the Order of the Garter. Two of the banners shown here are those of George VI and of his Consort.

NEARING THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY—THE LAST MOMENTS IN WINDSOR AS THE ROYAL CORTÈGE PASSED THROUGH THE NORMAN GATE BEFORE THE BODY OF KING GEORGE VI WAS RECEIVED AT THE DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: The blue jackets are seen as they drew the gun-carriage, marching with magnificent precision, and behind them is the Royal coach in which the Queen and the Queen Mother sat with Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal. It was said that 150,000 people gathered in Windsor to watch the procession pass by. By this time the haze of the early morning had given way to the sunshine of a bright winter day.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ROYAL WINDSOR

The Procession Passing Through the Norman Gate En Route to St. George's Chapel, the Scene of the Last Rites

There was complete silence in Paddington Station when the Royal funeral train set out for Windsor, as complete indeed as the underlying silence which had reigned in Parliament Square hours before when, amid the tolling of Big Ben and the sound of the minute guns, the body of King George VI had been brought from historic Westminster Hall and the lying-in-state. In the early afternoon the funeral train reached the Royal Borough of Windsor, and then came the last procession from the station to the Castle heights, prelude to the last scene of all, the commital service in St. George's. Windsor paid its last homage in silent, crowded streets, and as in London, the minute guns boomed out as the cortège approached the Castle. There must have been thousands present whose memories took them back sixteen years to the funeral of King George V, people who must have thought in these last moments that here was a worthy son joining a worthy father, that the British people were fortunate indeed to have had two such Sovereigns during forty years darkened by cataclysmic wars. The funeral procession in Windsor was very much shorter than that in London, but its central section, headed by the Earl Marshal, did not differ in any great degree from the London procession.

BENEATH THE BATTLEMENTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE—THE GUN-CARRIAGE, DRAWN BY NAVAL RATINGS, EN ROUTE TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL : A hushed London said farewell to the King, and so it was in Royal Windsor; but if anything, this last stage of the journey was more personal than the one that went before it, more in the nature perhaps of the leave-taking that the tenants of Sandringham, the foresters and the gamekeepers had given the King in the week before. For Windsor knew King George VI with the intimacy engendered in the war years, and there must have been hosts of people in the great crowd who at some time or another had had some personal contact with the Sovereign. While the great congregation waited within the portals of St. George's Chapel the clocks struck two and the goal of the journey was reached. Then followed the two minutes silence.

ROYAL WINDSOR MOURNS THE KING

The Cortège Goes Through the Silent Streets and Up the Slopes to St. George's Chapel

AT THE DOORS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—THE OFFICIATING CLERGY WAIT TO RECEIVE THE BODY OF THE LATE KING GEORGE VI : As the gun-carriage drew up before the steps in the Horseshoe Cloisters, the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, stood at the salute to receive the coffin. On the steps behind him were Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, the Dean of Windsor and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England. At the top of the steps on the left stood the Primate of England, Dr. Garbett.

THE CORTÈGE PASSES THE WALLS OF ST. GEORGE'S, NOW THE BURIAL-PLACE OF TEN OF ENGLAND'S KINGS, MOST NOTABLY THE HANOVERIANS AND THE WINDSORS: The long march is now almost complete. The sailors draw the gun-carriage past the ancient walls of the great chapel against which are laid many of the wreaths. Within, the congregation of the great awaits the coming of the King for the last moments of homage, praise and thanksgiving.

MARSHALS OF ENGLAND: Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Field-Marshal Lord Ironside and Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke at Windsor Station before the final procession to the Castle heights.

On right—

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD AND THE LATE KING'S PERSONAL STAFF: They are seen walking behind the Earl Marshal from Windsor Station to St. George's Chapel. They came just in front of the Royal Naval gun-crew and the bearer-party of the King's Company, of the Grenadier Guards.

ON WINDSOR'S CASTLE HEIGHTS

THE GREAT PROCESSIONAL PAGEANTRY REACHES ITS CLIMAX WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS

THE VEILED QUEENS PASS INTO ST. GEORGE'S BEHIND THE COFFIN OF KING GEORGE VI : Thus they came to the end of the long journey which had started five days before amid the lanes of Sandringham, and was now concluding after the long march through the streets of London and the final procession from Windsor Station to the Castle.

A great historian of the English people has said, "It is not given to kings to share in life the everyday lot of common humanity, nor is it in death. Their burial-places are set apart, and even in the grave it is their proud fate to continue to bind and inspire their people and their people's children."

St. George's Chapel ranks next to Westminster as a Royal mausoleum (even though no ruler was buried there before Edward IV), and so last week it was to this place "set apart" that the body of King George VI was conveyed with pomp and ceremony.

All Windsor went into mourning for the funeral of King George. Along High Street and Park Street, by which the procession entered the Castle grounds, purple gonfalons, to each of which was secured a laurel wreath, hung from tall masts, and drapery of the same colour was spread above the station entrance and swathed the iron pillars opposite the platform at which the funeral train drew up.

The procession to St. George's Chapel, shorter than the London procession, was none the less deeply impressive, and included three Pursuivants of Arms—Portcullis, Bluemantle, and Rouge Croix—who added a note of colour as they headed the representative officers of the foreign armed forces. The bands of the Grenadier Guards and the Royal Horse Guards were among those who played as the procession wound its way to the Castle Heights, following the self-same route as that taken during the procession at the funeral of King George V.

AT ST. GEORGE'S WEST DOOR

THE COFFIN IS TAKEN FROM THE GUN-CARRIAGE BY THE BEARER PARTY ON ARRIVAL AT THE WEST DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL IN THE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS: The men of the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards are about to carry the coffin up the steps of the chapel, where it is to be received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Winchester (Prelate of the Order of the Garter) and the Dean of Windsor (Registrar of the Order), who stand in company with the Canons, the minor Canons, lay clerks and the choristers. After the reception the procession moved up the nave headed by the choir and the clergy.

THE ENTRY INTO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

AFTER THE COFFIN HAD BEEN RECEIVED AT THE WEST DOOR IT WAS CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE NAVE

The entry into St. George's almost coincided with the two-minutes silence observed throughout the whole Commonwealth. Then the silence was suddenly drowned by the organ and the choir. Slowly the King was borne the length of the Chapel. Behind the coffin walked the Queen and the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal, and behind them again were the Dukes of Gloucester and Windsor, Edinburgh and Kent. Here, where Tudor and Stuart, Yorkist and Lancastrian, the last of the Hanoverians and the first of the Windsors lay before him, came King George VI to join this Royal company of the dead. The King's coffin was laid down before the High Altar, and from it were then taken the Crown that the King had worn fifteen years ago when he was enthroned, and the Orb and the Sceptre which had then been placed in his hands. The service was at once simple and deeply impressive, most notably perhaps when the Bishop of Winchester, the Rt. Rev. Mervyn Haigh, read the superb words of the Lesson: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new."

The service was not long, and when it came to an end with the dismissal of the congregation, the music was not in the same sombre vein as that which had gone before. At the Queen's own request the organist played Parry's Prelude, "Ye boundless realms of joy."

THE COMMITTAL OF KING GEORGE VI

THE LAST MOMENTS BEFORE THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED INTO THE CRYPT BENEATH ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL

The Bishop of Winchester, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had risen from a sick bed in order to be present, the Archbishop of York and the Dean of Windsor are seen in this picture standing before the Altar of St. George's, in the closing moments of the funeral service. Facing the coffin is seen the Queen, whose task it was to take a handful of red earth from a silver bowl and scatter it over her father's coffin as it sank slowly into the vault of his ancestors. This was near the end of the ceremony of solemn simplicity, which took place under the richly coloured banners of chivalry overhanging the chancel stalls of the Knights of the Garter. Two other last acts had to be performed. First the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, standing in his place at the foot of the coffin, divided his stick in two. Then reverently he placed the pieces on the coffin as a symbol that his services to the King were ended Next the Commanding Officer of the Grenadier Guards offered to the young Queen the Colour of the King's Company of the Regiment, and the Queen took it and laid it on her father's coffin. Among those who occupied the stalls in the chancel were many who had played no part in the earlier processions, among them two ex-Kings in Peter of Yugoslavia and Michael of Rumania. Another conspicuous figure was the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, resplendent in his uniform as Warden of the Cinque Ports. When Queen Elizabeth left the Chapel she spent some minutes with the Dean of Windsor and the Earl Marshal, thanking them for all they had done.

AS THE GUN-CARRIAGE PASSED THROUGH THE LOWER WARD WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE IT WAS SEEN THAT A GREAT ARRAY OF WREATHS HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE LAWNS : These tributes to the late King came from far and wide, and foremost amongst them was one from the British Government. It was a George Cross in white lilac and white carnations, bearing the words "For Gallantry" in purple lettering. This picture was taken near the entrance to the Horseshoe Cloisters, into which the cortège passed before the coffin was taken from the gun-carriage and conveyed within St. George's Chapel for the committal.

WREATHS DECK THE LAWNS OF WINDSOR

WREATHS DISPLAYED ON THE LAWNS OF WINDSOR CASTLE WHICH WERE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL : As the mourners left the chapel after the funeral service the air was heavy with the scent of carnation and lily, rose and chrysanthemum, daffodil and tulip. As one writer declared, "It seemed that the stones and turf round the ancient chapel had blossomed." More than 1,000 people were waiting to enter the gates when they were opened last Saturday morning.

PROCLAIMING THE NEW SOVEREIGN

For a Few Brief Hours the National Mourning is Set Aside to Announce the Start of a New Reign—The Moments When Tradition Outweighs the Strict Constitution

BY CHARLES DIMONT

THE Accession of a new Sovereign provides an example of the Pageant of British Tradition at its best. The highest in the realm meet for the Accession Council. The new Monarch is proclaimed with coloured solemnity from the Palace of St. James, and in cities and boroughs throughout the country. London has its hallowed ceremonies at Charing Cross and in the City, on the confines of which, at Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor exercises his traditional right of challenge to the Heralds bearing the Royal Proclamation. Then, custom upheld, he joins with them in a vivid spectacle, expressive of the nation's loyalty. Here is splendour and dignity, symbols of stability in a rapidly changing world. Yet, strictly speaking, few of these traditional ceremonies are necessary.

Constitutionally, " the King never dies." Lord Halsbury laid down in his monumental *Laws of England* :

" On the death of the reigning Sovereign, the Crown vests immediately in the person who is entitled to succeed. The new Sovereign is therefore entitled to exercise full prerogative rights without further ceremony."

The Accession Council, to quote Halsbury further, is " an established practice for which there appears to be no legal authority other than usage." However, there can be few loyal subjects who would wish to dispense with a tradition, the origin of which is lost in the mists of early English history.

This Council, entirely separate from the Privy Council, probably dates back to the Great Council of the Realm, or possibly even to the Anglo-Saxon Witangemot. Normally it consists of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, members of his late Majesty's Privy Council, Gentlemen of Quality and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of London, together with, in these days, representatives of members of the Commonwealth. But it is not correct to state, as some authorities have recently done, that the Commons have never assisted at its deliberations. After the flight of James II, in 1688, the Accession Council included all those who had been members in the Parliaments of Charles II, the purpose of this meeting being to request the Prince of Orange to administer the country and summon a Convention Parliament.

The Lord Mayor, as the First Citizen of London, has the right to an important place at the Accession Council. At the Accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837, the holder of this office caused a scandal by remaining behind for the first meeting of the Privy Council proper, which he was not entitled to attend. According to Greville, who was Clerk to the Council at the time, the purpose behind the manœuvre was hope of inclusion in the portrait-group Wilkie had been commissioned to make of the first Privy Council. The desire for publicity does not appear to be a particularly modern trait, for on this occasion, 115 years ago, several comparatively unimportant people prevailed upon the artist to portray them in positions they had no right to occupy, while eminent characters were passed over. For some unascertainable reason Wilkie painted the young Queen in a white dress when she was actually in deep mourning.

Charles Greville has left us a vivid description of the scene. Neither of Victoria's immediate predecessors could have been said to have enhanced the prestige of the Crown. George IV's undignified behaviour had made him widely unpopular long before his death. William IV was sometimes popular but rarely dignified. His first act on his Accession was to announce he was going to change the colour of the uniform of the Guards. A typical comment on his prospects as King had been recorded by Mrs. Arbuthnot, Wellington's friend, in her Journal : " If he don't go mad I dare say he will do very well."

In 1837 there was, therefore, very great interest in how the new Queen would conduct herself. The first verdicts were unanimous in her favour. The Duke of Wellington declared that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. The Accession proceedings were marred by acrimony between Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, who were not normally on speaking terms, over the wording of the Queen's Speech. " You object to the sentiment," snarled Brougham at his political rival, " I object to the grammar." This argument took place just in front of the Monarch. An interesting point recorded by Greville is that the Oath of Allegiance was taken with a saving of the rights of any posthumous child of William IV, as laid down in the Regency Bill of 1830, which had envisaged the possibility that while Victoria was still a minor the King might die, leaving his wife with child.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON CALLS FOR THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN : Sir Leslie Boyce raising his hat aloft as he stood at Temple Bar following the Proclamation of Queen Elizabeth II by Norroy and Ulster King of Arms. Thereafter the cavalcade moved into the City of London, and the Queen was again proclaimed, this time from the steps of the Royal Exchange by Clarenceux King of Arms.

One of London's most cherished traditions is the public reading of the Proclamation of the new Sovereign by the Royal Heralds, resplendent in their tabards. With an escort of Life Guards, the procession moves in State coaches from St. James's to Charing Cross and on to Temple Bar, where it is formally admitted by the Lord Mayor. Finally, they proceed to the Royal Exchange, where the ceremony terminates with three cheers for the new Monarch.

At each stopping place a different Herald reads the message. The office of Herald is much older than any English tradition, because heralds were part of the formalities of the ancient world in which Britain was unknown. The Greeks had their " messengers " and the Romans their " criers." They would appear to have carried out what would nowadays be termed diplomatic duties—a declaration of war, for example—although the opinion that they can be regarded as the forerunners of ambassadors is often disputed. Certainly during the Middle Ages, heralds possessed a kind of diplomatic privilege, carrying royal messages and bidding defiance to the King's enemies.

The medieval herald was not necessarily a royal servant. He attached himself as he willed to the king or a nobleman, and in the latter case often took his employer's name. (For this reason, noble titles survive in the style of the Heralds to the present day.) His duties consisted of being master of ceremonies, especially at tournaments, where he cried the names of the combatants and announced the victors. For this he charged fees. Leading heralds assumed authority over a region or province, and styled themselves King of Heralds or King of Arms. Chief of these were Norroy, King of the North, whose title has come down to to-day, and Sorroy, King of the South, who later changed to his present title of Clarenceux. In the Middle Ages, it must be remembered that the assumption of the title of " king " was not uncommon. There were " Kings " of minstrels, mercers, clowns and even beggars. The heraldic " Kings " were Kings of Arms because they went on Assize or Visitation in their own territory to enquire into the rights of their " subjects " to bear arms.

It may have been the rivalry between heralds which led to the appointment in 1417 of a Garter King of Arms to exercise supervision over the other Herald Kings. In the next century the College of Heralds was assigned by Charter a building in the City of London. The present College still stands on this site. A glance at its constitution shows how the medieval tradition has been preserved. Under the Earl Marshal are the three Herald Kings—Garter, Norroy and Clarenceux; then six Heralds—Lancaster, Somerset, Chester, Richmond, Windsor and York; and finally, four Pursuivants—Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, Portcullis and Bluemantle.

The College remains the authority for granting arms, and its officers are familiar and essential figures on all important Royal occasions. But they are much more than magnificent representatives of a tradition, for on them devolves the responsibility for the complicated details of order and precedence in these processions and ceremonies.

***On left and on right*— THE STATE TRUMPETERS :** In these special SPHERE drawings Michael Ross shows two of the figures who play a part in the pageantry of proclamation, supplementing with their music the prayer-book English of the declaiming Heralds.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II

A Specially Compiled Chronology from Her Birth in 1926 to Her Accession in 1952

1926.—The birth, at 2.40 a.m. on April 21, at 17, Bruton Street, home of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, of Princess Elizabeth, the future Queen Elizabeth II. Her christening, by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, took place in May at the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. She became the fourth lady in the land.

1927.—The little Princess remained at home while her father and mother, then Duke and Duchess of York, set out on an Imperial mission, culminating in the opening of the new Australian Federal Parliament buildings at Canberra.

1928.—Princess Elizabeth, described in the Press of the day as the "darling of the Empire," began to walk and played in the Park in company with her cousin, Master Gerald Lascelles, brother of the present Earl of Harewood.

1930.—The birth, on August 21, of Princess Margaret Rose. In December Princess Elizabeth attended her first fancy-dress party on the birthday of Lady Mary Stewart.

1931.—In June Princess Elizabeth attended the Trooping the Colour and the Royal Tournament. She was one of three bridal attendants at the marriage of Captain Abel Smith and Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone.

1932.—On her sixth birthday Princess Elizabeth was presented with a miniature thatched cottage by the people of Wales, which was later set up in the grounds at Windsor.

1934.—With other members of the Royal Family she attended a National Pilgrimage service at Westminster Abbey as part of a scheme for assistance to the unemployed. On November 29 she attended the marriage at Westminster Abbey of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina, holding the bride's train.

1935.—The year of King George V's Silver Jubilee. The Princess was again a bridal attendant, this time at the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester to a daughter of the 7th Duke of Buccleuch.

1936.—The death of King George V, the abdication of King Edward VIII and the accession of her father as George VI. Princess Elizabeth was now Heir Presumptive to the Throne.

1938.—With the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth went on a cruise in home waters on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. In September she watched the Queen launch the Cunard-White Star *Queen Elizabeth*. She was now a Girl Guide and Princess Margaret a "Brownie."

1939.—Princess Elizabeth, with other members of the Royal Family, saw the King and Queen off from Portsmouth at the start of the Royal tour of Canada. In the summer she won the Children's Challenge Shield swimming competition organised for girls over nine and under fourteen at the Bath Club.

1940.—On October 13 Princess Elizabeth made her first broadcast. With Princess Margaret at her side she broadcast words of hope and encouragement to children of Britain, the Colonial Empire and the Dominions.

1943.—As Colonel of the Grenadier Guards she paid a visit to an armoured battalion of her regiment then serving in the Southern Command.

1944.—At the age of eighteen Princess Elizabeth came of age and began to make many "solo" appearances in public. In this year she journeyed to Greenock and launched the battleship H.M.S. *Vanguard*, in which she was later to sail, with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, for the Royal tour of South Africa. She assumed her first major responsibility as Counsellor of State when her father visited the forces fighting in Italy.

1945.—She accompanied the King and Queen to the great Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. In December she dined and danced for the first time in public at a West End restaurant. In this year, also, she took a course at the A.T.S. Mechanical Training Unit at Sunningdale. With Princess Margaret she appeared in *Old Mother Red Riding Boots*, a Christmas pantomime.

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON NOVEMBER 20, 1947—THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STANDING BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR DURING THE SOLEMNISATION OF MARRIAGE CONDUCTED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: Holding the Princess's 15-ft. Court train of ivory silk were the pages, Prince Michael of Kent and Prince William of Gloucester. In the background are seen the young Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Kent, King Haakon, the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and the King.

1946.—In March Princess Elizabeth crossed from Greenock to Belfast in the new cruiser H.M.S. *Superb* and at Harland and Wolff's shipyard she launched the great new aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*. She was invested as a Bard and initiated into the mysteries of the Gorsedd during the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Mountain Ash. She was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of Lord Brabourne to the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten.

1947.—On February 1 Princess Elizabeth, with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, embarked in H.M.S. *Vanguard* for their three-month tour of South Africa and Rhodesia. This was her first journey outside the British Isles. On July 10 her betrothal to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece, was announced. Great crowds thronged round Buckingham Palace on the day of the announcement, and in the evening the Royal couple appeared on the balcony. Lieutenant Mountbatten was created Duke of Edinburgh, and the Royal wedding took place at Westminster Abbey on November 20.

1948.—The Princess, with the Duke of Edinburgh, visited Paris. Prince Charles, the King's first grandson, was born at 9.14 on Sunday, November 14, at Buckingham Palace. At the time of his birth Prince Charles (now Duke of Cornwall) was Heir Apparent to the Dukedom of Edinburgh and second in line of succession to the Throne.

1949.—As Colonel of the Grenadier Guards Princess Elizabeth accompanied the King at the Trooping the Colour, riding side-saddle. With the Duke of Edinburgh she crossed in H.M.S. *Anson* to the Channel Islands, calling at Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark and paying tribute to the islands' fortitude under German occupation. Later in the year she visited Malta, where the Duke of Edinburgh was serving as First Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Chequers* and stayed at the Villa Guardamangia, in company with the Earl and Countess Mountbatten.

1950.—The Princess was present at the State banquet at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the State visit of the French President and Madame Auriol. Her second visit to Malta. Before noon on Tuesday, August 15, Princess Anne was born at Clarence House. Later in the year the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a six-day visit to Greece, where they entertained King Paul and Queen Frederika on board H.M.S. *Surprise*.

1951.—In June the Princess, riding side-saddle, took the Sovereign's salute at the Trooping the Colour in the absence of her father, who had been suffering from catarrhal inflammation of the lung. In September the King underwent an operation for lung resection; his condition rapidly improved and Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh left on October 7 for their long and highly successful tour of Canada, in the course of which they journeyed from coast to coast.

1952.—On January 31 the Princess and the Duke took leave of the King at London Airport and began their tour to Kenya, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand. On February 6, at Sagana Lodge, Nyeri, Kenya, the Duke of Edinburgh informed the Princess of the death of her father. She arrived in London next day and was in due course proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II.

February 8.—The accession of Queen Elizabeth II was publicly proclaimed throughout Britain and in many parts of the Commonwealth. The Queen, at her first Privy Council, made her Accession Declaration and pledged herself to uphold constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of her peoples.

February 9.—Queen Elizabeth II commanded a period of Court mourning stating that it would continue until May 31.

February 11.—After the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret had attended a private service at Sandringham they accompanied the body of King George VI to London for the Lying-in-State at Westminster Hall. The Duke of Edinburgh walked behind the cortege with the Duke of Gloucester.

February 12.—The Queen received the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, in audience at Clarence House.

February 15.—The Queen attended the funeral at Windsor of H.M. King George VI.

ELIZABETH II

IN THE DAYS OF HER CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN MAY 1927 AT JUST OVER ONE YEAR OF AGE : The Princess was born at 3 o'clock in the morning of April 21, 1926, at No. 17, Bruton Street, the London home of her grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. At the age of five weeks she was baptised at Buckingham Palace by the late Lord Lang of Lambeth, then Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York. At that time there was no expectation that the young Princess would come so close to the succession.

THE QUEEN WITH THE LITTLE PRINCESSES : They are seen arriving at the Royal Tournament, Olympia, in May 1935. At that time the future Queen Elizabeth II was nine years of age.

THE NOW CELEBRATED ROCKING-HORSE PICTURE : This photograph of Princess Elizabeth and her sister Princess Margaret was taken during August 1932.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH RIDES IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK : She had her first riding lessons with Mr. Owen. *Above, on right*—Princess Elizabeth arriving at the Royal Tournament in 1932, walking determinedly through the rain into the main entrance of Olympia.

ANOTHER VISIT TO OLYMPIA : Princess Elizabeth pulling her stockings up when arriving for a function in the spring of 1933. She was seven years old.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR : Queen Elizabeth, Consort of King George VI, with the Princesses in 1941. *Right*—Princess Elizabeth with her sister Princess Margaret, when they made a broadcast to the youth of the Commonwealth. After Princess Elizabeth had finished speaking she brought her sister to the microphone with the words: "Come on, Margaret." The outbreak of war found the Royal family at Balmoral, but the Princesses were soon moved to Windsor, where the quiet routine of lessons continued through the darkest days. At this time a programme of work was drawn up so that Princess Elizabeth should have a complete understanding of her future cares. She studied French with the Comtesse de Bellaigne, the Bible with Canon Crawley of Windsor, and Constitutional History with Sir Henry Marten, Vice-Provost of Eton.

On April 21, 1926, was born the world's best-known baby, and within a few hours of the birth of Princess Elizabeth at 17, Bruton Street the most remote parts of the world knew that a child, then third in direct line from the Throne, was being acclaimed in London. Somehow or other this question of the accession did not loom large at the time, however, for the Prince of Wales, though unmarried, was not quite thirty-two and there was always the possibility that the newly-born Princess would have a brother. Nevertheless, the excitement was considerable, and for weeks after the Royal birth Bruton Street took on the aspect of a place of pilgrimage.

The years of the Princess's early childhood were unclouded. They were spent in a very happy family atmosphere at the Duke and Duchess of York's home at 145, Piccadilly, and the thought of future responsibilities was not allowed to interfere with normal childhood development. In her first years one of the Princess's Governesses was Mrs. Clara Cooker Knight, who had been one of her mother's own nurses. Later a young Scots girl from Edinburgh took over—Miss Marion Crawford.

The birth of Princess Margaret at Glamis, the Scottish home of the Queen's parents, added still further to the happy family atmosphere of the household of the Duke and Duchess of York. As the daughters of a Duke the Princesses were able to do things which would have been impossible if the succession had loomed nearer. All this, however, was to change very suddenly. For 1936, the year of the death of King George V, of the accession and abdication of Edward VIII, and the accession of King George VI, was a year of anxiety and perplexity for Princess Elizabeth. The death of "Grandpa England," as she called George V, was a bitter blow. The departure from the scene of Edward VIII, her uncle David, was a blow also. It meant that Buckingham Palace would be her home, and it meant, too, that the carefree days were over for ever. No longer was Princess Elizabeth merely a member of the Royal family who must behave as such. She was Heiress Presumptive to the Throne of England, with all that that involved in intensive education and responsibility. How she began to shoulder that responsibility is now a part of history.

ON THE EVENING OF THE BETROTHAL IN JULY 1947—KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCESS MARGARET AND LIEUTENANT PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THEY ACKNOWLEDGED THE GOOD WISHES OF THE CROWD WHICH GATHERED ROUND THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL IN FRONT OF THE PALACE: A few moments after this picture was taken the King and Queen and Princess Margaret withdrew, leaving the Princess and her fiancé on the balcony alone (as shown in the picture reproduced below on left). The balcony appearance took place at 9.20 p.m., but it was not until two hours later that the crowd of well-wishers finally dispersed when they were informed by a Court official that their Majesties had retired for the night and there would be no more appearances. Earlier in the day the Princess and Lieutenant Mountbatten had toured the Palace grounds together, greeting a large number of guests at the Royal Presentation Party.

THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

AFTER THE NEWS THAT DELIGHTED THE COMMONWEALTH AND ENGAGED THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD: *Left*—Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten waving to the crowds from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, following the announcement of their betrothal. It was after a week of rumours and denials that the Court Circular had finally made known the betrothal in a typewritten addition to its pages. This said that the King had gladly given his consent to the union of his beloved daughter Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece and Princess Andrew. *Right*—This photograph, taken at the time of the engagement, shows Princess Elizabeth with her fiancé, in naval uniform, seated on the arm of her chair.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN 1947

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN HER BRIDAL GOWN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

AFTER THE CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE OFFICIAL WEDDING PICTURE AT THE PALACE: Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their wedding day, November 20, 1947. Stretching in front of them is the 15-ft. bridal train, which was carried by the young cousins of the bride.

London had had little enough of pageantry in the war years. On November 20, 1947, however, the glories of pre-war days returned in full measure, and transcending all was the welcome of the crowds as the bride set forth and as the bride and bridegroom drove back together from their marriage at Westminster Abbey. Many waited all night along the processional way, and when they had seen the noble pageantry of the morning they stayed on to cheer the bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon way, and late into the night, just before the floodlights were switched off, they gave a final round of cheers to the Royal family on their final appearance on the Palace balcony after as memorable a thirty-six hours as any in the history of the House of Windsor. One of THE SPHERE writers recorded at the time the special virtues of television for such Royal occasions. He had seen the wedding procession outside Buckingham Palace, outside Westminster Abbey, and on Constitution Hill.

THE MONARCHY UNDER A QUEEN

The Time Comes at Last to Lessen the Tasks of the Sovereign, and to Take Rather Less Advantage of the Abiding Sense of Duty of Our Royal Family

By JOHN GORE

MEN and women who have not long passed their forties may reflect with interest that already they have lived in six reigns, a rare but not unique experience. Men in the sixties can clearly recall a time when the idea was established that the Throne of England was feminine, for few in 1901 remained to remember England under a King. And that idea that the Throne was feminine died slowly. As the reigns of kings succeeded, older men still found it difficult to speak of Q.C.s as K.C.s and to sing "God Save the *King*." And it was in the earlier years of the reign of Edward VII that the idea grew that the great ages of English history had been passed when queens sat on the throne.

The age of Tudor Elizabeth has none to dispute its greatness. The greatness of the age of Anne was perhaps largely cancelled out by the rottenness of its political morality and by many other unsavoury features of cruelty, injustice and brutality. No doubt, it had its greatness in art, in literature and in military glory, though one would hardly rank it higher in those respects than the reign of the third George.

Three of the greatest kings in our history succeeded Victoria, whose Consort was largely responsible for devising the pattern of constitutional monarchy in England, a pattern which, in times changed beyond the power of the Prince Consort's conception, Kings George V and VI moulded into a working and admirable model which is the wonder of civilisation. And now four kings have passed and old men find themselves again under a queen, with that notion that the Throne of England is feminine, and that England's genius flourishes most richly under a queen not wholly expunged from their youthful memories.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH BECOMES A BACHELOR OF MUSIC OF LONDON UNIVERSITY : The Princess walking in procession after the degree was conferred upon her by the Chancellor, the Earl of Athlone, her great-uncle.

When the young Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, a century and a quarter had elapsed since a queen reigned. In those easier times, when records were kept very much in longhand and filing cabinets were rarities, much that would be useful in precedent and tradition was lost or hard to recover. And so it was that as soon as, in 1840, she announced to her Council her intention to marry, the search for precedent was feverishly pursued. What was to be the position of Prince Albert, a foreign Prince of no eminence, who showed from the first no particular admiration for the English way of life—though he was the equal of any English nobleman in the hunting-field or on the stubbles—and who was suspect to an insular, sport-loving nobility as a foreigner and an intellectual.

THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE—PRINCESS ELIZABETH POSED SPECIALLY FOR THIS PICTURE IN NATAL NATIONAL PARK DURING THE COURSE OF THE MEMORABLE SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR IN 1947 : The last days of the tour were indeed made additionally memorable by the Princess's birthday, and also by that remarkable speech of dedication which she made to the peoples of the Commonwealth : "I declare before you all," she stated, "that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of the great Imperial family to which we all belong."

The Whigs were not at all unwilling to do what they could for the young Queen's choice. Unfortunately, Lord Melbourne was always casual to a degree. The search for precedents bored him. "We must see what happened to that infernal George of Denmark," he said in his characteristic way to the young Queen. But "poor George" was not a helpful precedent from the age of Anne. Throughout that glorious reign he had no occupation, and although he was early created a peer (as Duke of Cumberland) and given in later years the high-sounding titles of Generalissimo and Lord High Admiral, he remained without recognised position. He spent his time getting fat and getting the Queen with child; gossiping and tippling.

Nevertheless, the nation voted him an annuity-settlement twice the value of that which they grudgingly gave Prince Albert. In Prince Albert's case, Melbourne was too lazy or too shortsighted to consult or woo the Tory opposition, with the result that even the Prince's naturalisation as an Englishman was made controversial and his status and precedence deferred and reluctantly conceded. He was named Regent in certain contingencies, and there it was left. Seventeen years were to elapse before he received the title of Prince Consort, albeit, during the last twelve of those years he had by patience, industry and peaceful penetration, as Queen's Secretary, gained for himself the position of King except in name, with more power than any English Sovereign had exercised since Charles II. He achieved this extraordinary position in the land by sheer political wisdom. He guided and, indeed, educated the Queen and many of her Ministers, and in creating, as I have said, the pattern of constitutional monarchy, he ensured that no other Prince Consort could ever again hold the position of power which he attained to. For the centre-piece of his pattern of monarchy was the absolute restriction to the Sovereign of the performance of the vital functions of sovereignty.

And now once more, in circumstances very different and now and again rather similar, questions will arise and precedents will be sought for the position and functions of a Prince Consort. For even Law officers, heralds and pundits of the Court soon forget. A little "incident" when our new Queen the other day made her declaration before her Council lends point to the assertion. The Council was assembled. Among it, on either side, stood perhaps 100 Privy Councillors, with the Dukes of Gloucester and Edinburgh at their head, awaiting the Queen. And when, with officials backing before her, her small and immensely dignified figure appeared, all stood at attention and many must have thought of a similar scene, so often described, in 1837. She spoke and again retired. But when the Duke of Edinburgh tried to join her through the door which had closed behind her, he found his way blocked and had to lay a hand on an official and ask him to let him pass. The Consort had been forgotten. A "precedent" at once leaps to mind. Young Queen Victoria, in 1840, was consulting Melbourne again about the position of the Prince when she went to the Lords to prorogue Parliament. She was relieved to learn (and to tell Prince Albert, who took it coolly and without enthusiasm) that "George of Denmark went in the coach with Queen Anne."

PRINCESS ELIZABETH BECOMES A BARD : The Princess about to enter the pavilion at Mountain Ash, South Wales, for the ceremony at which she was given the bardic name of Elizabeth of Windsor.

It has sometimes seemed to me that alone among our great institutions, the Monarchy is compelled to remain rooted in tradition and precedents from a vanished past. Must it be so for ever? May not this new reign lay firm hands on the dead hand of tradition and blow some of the dust from filing cabinets and, at least for ceremonial occasions, bring the Monarchy a little more in step with modern conditions and practices? One thing we may be sure of. The Queen's husband is not a man to exist without occupation fitted to his ability and position and youth. Like Prince Albert, he is very intelligent, industrious and energetic, a man of character and noble ideals.

Unlike Prince Albert, he was educated in Britain, admires and upholds the English way of life, and is accepted and respected and loved as the ideal of an English gentleman.

For such a man, an existence like that of "poor George of Denmark" as Consort is as far away from

A HAPPY MEMORY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR IN THE AUTUMN OF 1951 : Princess Elizabeth, wearing a dirndl skirt and peasant blouse, taking part in square dancing at Government House, Ottawa.

possibility as is the exercise of the power wielded by Prince Albert at his apex.

I do not think precedents will help us or the pundits guide us here. I think common sense and the wisdom or good sense of the young Royal couple will settle the problem and find approval for the solution in the common sense of the nation. There is a mass of work the Duke can do for which he is in every way fitted ; there is a heavy burden of ceremonial and other functions which only in post-war times have been fastened on the Sovereign, functions which, in earlier reigns, Royal dukes assumed as a matter of course. Since the reign of Edward VII, the Sovereign has gradually been made the slave of his own popularity. His sense of duty has multiplied his duties, far beyond human endurance.

Now, if ever, is the time to reorganise the Sovereign's functions, to give to the Sovereign of the day a fair chance of a normal span of life, to broaden the responsibilities of ceremonial, and in that reorganisation to find fit and dignified and useful employment for a young Prince of high quality and character called to occupy an invidious and difficult position.

Precedent, indeed, has shortened the lives and added needlessly to the burden thrown on the Sovereign. A simple example illustrates my contention. One summer three reigns ago it seemed to a Court official appropriate, in view of the Sovereign's planned programme, that he should visit a Test match at Lord's and shake hands with the overseas cricketers. From that day this became an annual fixture in the Sovereign's round. Obviously the Sovereign must take and show an interest in his people's sport, but it does not seem reasonable that a young Queen must never fail to attend a Test match or a Cup Final year after year, especially if she possesses a husband conversant with the science of both games. If this be a trivial example, more important ones could be adduced to condemn the dead and regicide hand of precedent, and to convince the nation of the desirability of once more broadening the ceremonial responsibilities of the Sovereign, so cruelly increased in recent reigns.

THE PRINCESS, A REGAL FIGURE WEARING THE SASH OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, AT THE TIME OF THE VISIT TO LONDON OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MADAME AURIOL IN 1950 : The Princess was arriving at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to witness a ballet performance on the last evening of the State visit.

A SISTERLY KISS : Princess Elizabeth being kissed by Princess Margaret when they parted at the Guildhall after the luncheon given to Princess Elizabeth on her return from the Canadian tour with Prince Philip.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE DAYS BEFORE HER MARRIAGE —A CHARMING STUDY TAKEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE : For over a year before her engagement her name was linked with that of Prince Philip.

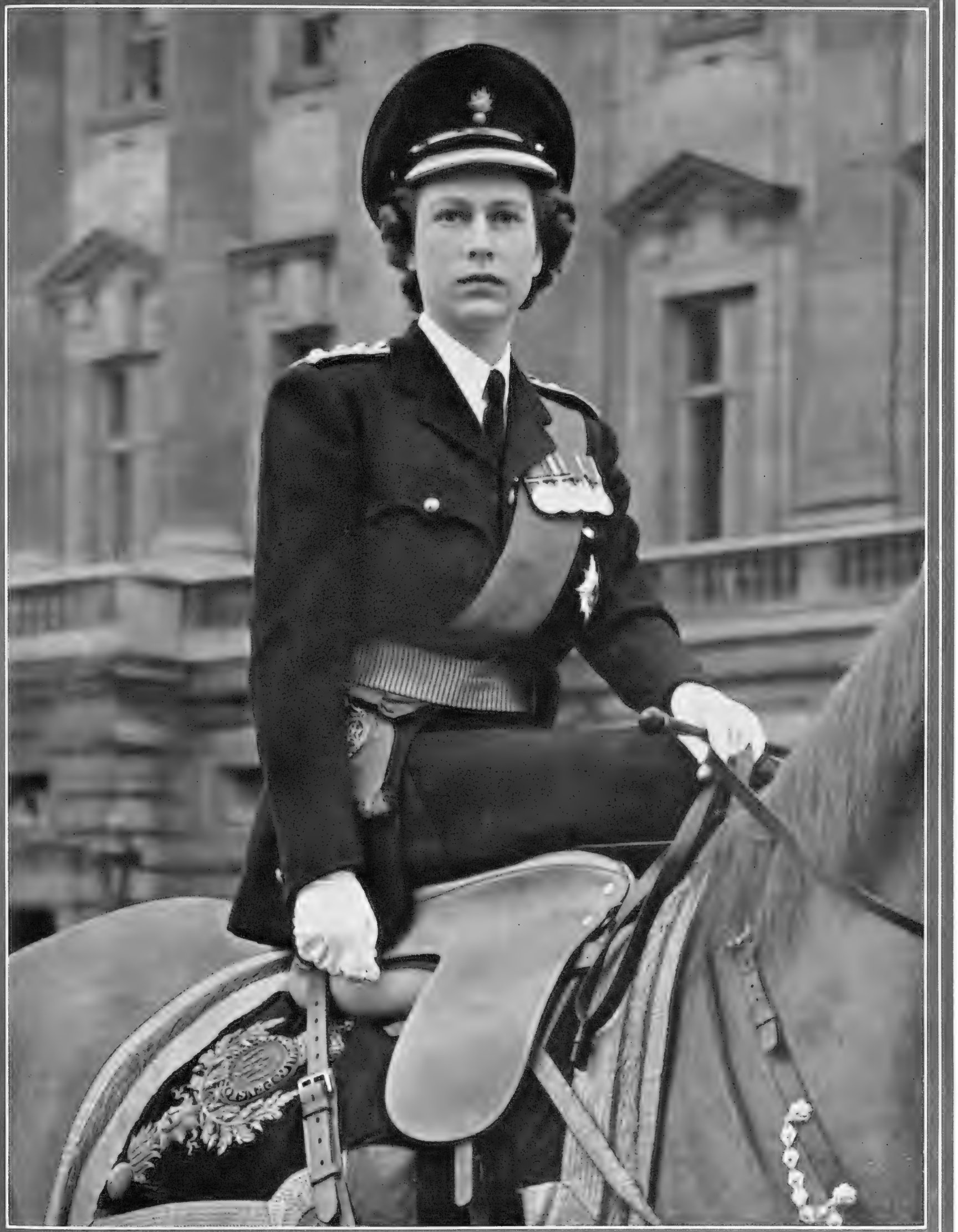
ON VICTORY DAY, 1946, THE PRINCESSES BOTH WORE PALE BLUE : Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret sat just behind their father on the dais in the Mall as men and women in thousands marched past them.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT HER DESK IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Inevitably during the years before her accession the Princess had a heavy daily programme to consider, and from her twenty-first birthday onwards it became more exacting.

FOR THREE GENERATIONS BEFORE HER, HER PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS AND GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, GAVE THEIR ENERGIES AND TALENTS TO INSPIRING THE COMMONWEALTH: In this great tradition Princess Elizabeth was brought up, and after an intensive, highly personal form of education, emerged upon her wider duties.

THE YEARS AS THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S NATURAL EASE OF MANNER ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS IN CANADA AND LONDON: *Left*—A study of the laughing Princess, taken before a State dinner in Ottawa during the course of the Royal Tour of Canada in the autumn of 1951. *Right*—Another happy picture of the Princess, taken as she was arriving at the French Embassy in London for a State banquet given by the French President, M. Vincent Auriol, during the course of his visit to London in 1950.



In June 1949, on the occasion of her father's official birthday, Princess Elizabeth appeared at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour attired in a militarised riding habit and seated side-saddle. Owing to King George's ill-health he rode to the Trooping ceremony in a semi-State landau. Princess Elizabeth, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, rode beside the landau dressed in a dark-blue jacket and riding habit, her peaked cap bearing the regimental badge. After the Trooping ceremony the Royal family came out on the Palace balcony, and there were fervent cheers for the King

A PICTURE WHICH THRILLED THE WORLD

THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE AND THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY BENEATH THE FROWNING HEIGHTS KNOWN AS ARTHUR'S SEAT: The Abbey was founded by King David I of Scotland in 1128 and was dedicated to the Holy Cross or Rood, a casket of gold brought to Scotland by Margaret, wife of Malcolm, about 1070. The foundations of the Palace were laid around 1501 by James IV, who made Edinburgh his capital. George Blake notes in his article that "it is always a small point of soreness with Scottish sentiment that the Palace of Holyroodhouse is so little used as a royal residence."

SCOTLAND AWAITS THE QUEEN'S COMING

A Record of Some of Her Many Links With the Northern Realm Since Childhood

BY GEORGE BLAKE

Author of "The Heart of Scotland" and "The Piper's Tune"

IT is perhaps a strange thing, if not of world-shattering importance, that one man will always envisage the person of the Princess Elizabeth, now our Queen, as seen against the gaunt and functional workshops of a shipyard on Clydeside. She was thus seen on three separate occasions, each with its own rather strange significance.

The first of these was on a day of September 1938, and the biggest ship in the world was about to be launched from John Brown's yard at Clydebank. King George VI was to have been there, but it was the time of Munich, and he must stay in London with his counsellors. His Queen alone had to take the burden of an onerous public ceremony—and how splendidly she did so!—but she brought with her two little girls, aged twelve and eight respectively, whose pretty innocence was as sunshine through cloud to a grown-up gathering burdened with the sense of war impending and of all the risks involved in putting 80,000 tons of shipping into the water for the first time.

There was a little hitch that day: something to do with the electrical circuit to the launching mechanism. It is a rule, and a sound one, that the private conversation of Royalty must not be broadcast, but for minutes on end I could listen through my headphones to what was passing on the daïs while the crowd waited.

It was largely the excited chatter of two girl children, even if they were Princesses of the Blood. They were being kept amused by a model of the big ship that was to bear their mother's name, and by a working model of "the trigger," the ingenious device which, unlocking like two sets of clasped fingers, sets the new-built vessel free to slip into her proper element. They were too well-brought-up, these small female children, to scream at technical marvels, but they did chatter and ask questions sixteen to the dozen; and they were just as any other children at a picnic.

But that was not all that day. As the Royal party was most ceremoniously ushered from the daïs down the ramp to ground-level, two inquisitive small girls in tweed coats paused to look back at the big ship, floating helplessly in the Clyde ship-channel and on the vast open space that she had filled so shortly before; and one of them, the older, perhaps aware that we were all looking after her, raised a hand and twiddled her gloved fingers in a comic, childish, utterly natural gesture of farewell.

The second picture can be a mere snapshot, for it was taken in the murk of a December day under the cloud of wartime censorship. (Only an abbreviated version of the wireless commentary was issued, and the B.B.C. engineers cleverly slurred over the big ship's name in the recording.) The ship was H.M.S. *Vanguard*. But now the little girl who had prattled over the launching mechanism of the *Queen Elizabeth* was herself to press the key and let loose this monstrous lump of armament. She was a Princess of age in the Court computation of such matters, with her own Ladies-in-Waiting and a' the orders, as they say in Scotland

Her new personal standard was unfurled from a shipyard mast. One remembers poignantly how small she seemed as she walked the length of the looming hull beside the even more-than-majestic, bowler-hatted figure of Sir Donald Skiffington, the director in charge of shipyard production. Looking down from the topmost platform of a crane, one thought them to look like pedestrians on the Strand as seen from the roof of Bush House.

That was the beginning of an apprenticeship, and a tough one; for the Scots shipyard worker is far from being the demonstrative Cockney who lines the Mall on great occasions. One was sorry for a slim young girl facing a crowd, in an unfamiliar environment and in time of war, without the familiar support of an experienced father and invariably resourceful mother. But what a brilliant training it was we saw just about three years later, when her Royal Highness returned to Clydebank to launch the post-war Cunarder *Caronia*.

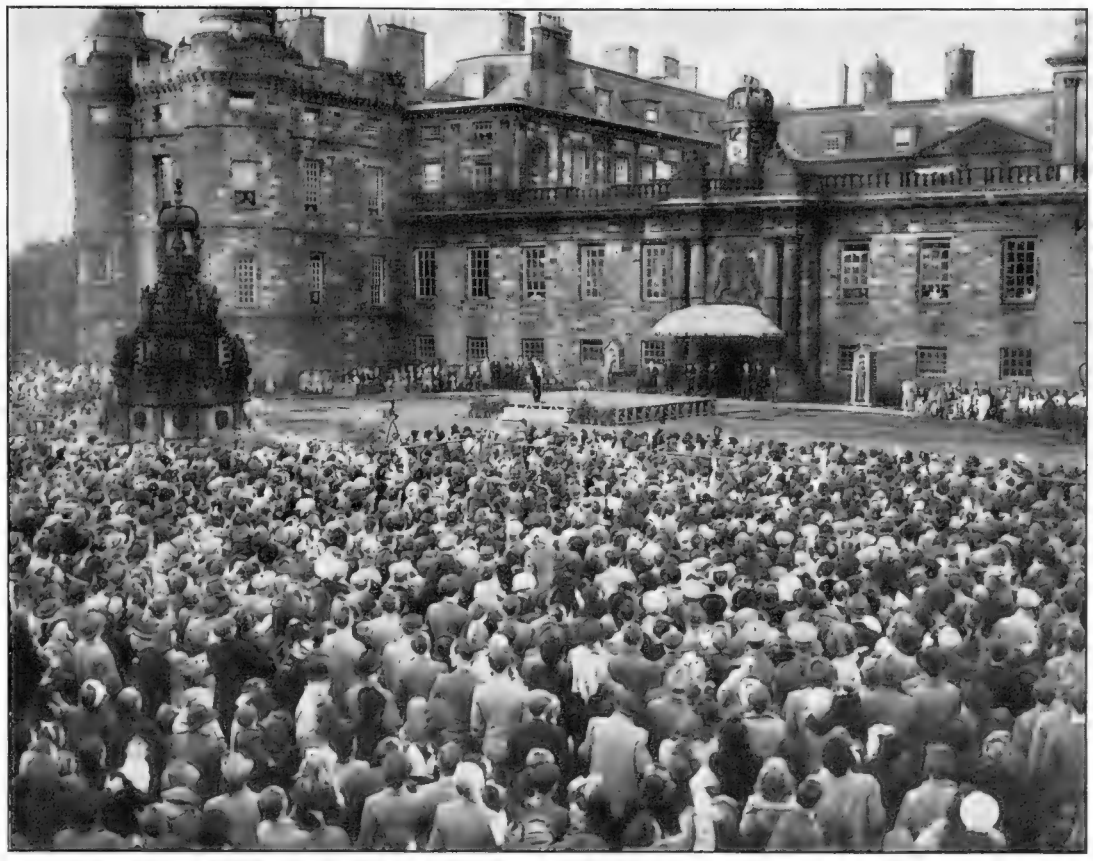
AT THE ENTRANCE TO GLAMIS CASTLE, THE HISTORIC HOME OF THE BOWES-LYONS: The Queen-Mother, as Duchess of York, seen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Princess Margaret was born at Glamis in August, 1930.

For now came a Princess assured and shining. She had travelled overseas in that same H.M.S. *Vanguard* she had christened in 1944. When she spoke at the post-war luncheon in the decorated drawing-office we heard the clear echo of her mother's wonderful voice: the peerless intonation and perfect timing that only rigorous training and experience can produce. She came, moreover, with a husband-to-be—and how the womenfolk of the party gasped to behold his blonde good looks! Is it impertinence to imagine that the assurance of married love blended with growing confidence to endow her that day with the glow and verve befitting a future Queen? The elderly Glasgow waiter serving my section of the long tables, an old acquaintance of many an official banquet, whispered in my ear as he ladled out the soup, "She's a right smasher, eh?"

One other little moment of that day seems worth recalling—a flash of the humanities among the formalities.

It is the pleasant custom on these great launching occasions for retired veterans of the shipyard to be lined up at the head of the ramp and presented to the Royal visitors as they leave the daïs. These are rough, plain-spoken old parties—lately foremen platers or riveters, riggers or ship's carpenters—but the very bone and blood of Scots craftsmanship. On this day, then, the Princess passed down the line of grey heads with the handshake, the smile and the ready word; but then we saw that Prince Philip lingered among the old boys. With one he appeared to get into a technical argument; we could see them both waving explanatory, argumentative hands towards the big ship, by now being coaxed into the fitting-out basin. Then the Princess paused half-way down the ramp and smiled and waved to her future husband to come on and stick to the programme—a charming shade of the little girl who had prattled over the model of the *Queen Elizabeth* nearly ten years before.

Most of the new Queen's life in Scotland has necessarily been spent far from industrial Clydeside. Our formal ceremonies inevitably take place in the grey and gracious capital city of Edinburgh. By the accident of economic history the more picturesque side of the national life is nowadays almost entirely centred in the eastern and northern parts of the knobbly country. The west, so largely given over to industry, is perhaps even a little impatient of formality and certainly unaccustomed to pomp and circumstance. The Queen's private residence in Scotland, to which she will assuredly succeed, is Balmoral Castle on Deeside, far from both that engaging blend of the Gothic and the classical, which is Edinburgh, and the



CITIZENS OF EDINBURGH THRONG ROUND HOLYROODHOUSE—A MEMORY OF 1946 WHEN KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH SPENT A WEEK IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR DAUGHTERS: On June 27 King George received the keys of the city of Edinburgh in Princes Street.

slag-heaps and flaming steel-works and shipyard gantries, which is what we call Clyde-side. In a small country of sharp and puzzling contrasts both Edinburgh and Balmoral are as far away from Glasgow in most of those things that count within the spirit of man as the great Castle of Glamis (her mother's ancestral home and the birthplace of Princess Margaret) is from the sprawling, jute-making city of Dundee, even if only 20 miles of road separate them.

Thus the Royal Family usually takes the east coast route, so to speak; as in England, towards Sandringham, it tends to follow the line of the old L.N.E.R. The geographical fact is of interest.

There are many fine and loyal places in south-western Scotland, for instance, that would like to be visited, just as the rest of Wales must look with envy towards Cardiff and Carmarthen. There are many who would argue that Balmoral, at the head of a valley of trig townlets in the purely Lowland tradition, is not in the true Highlands of the Gaelic-speakers, the crofters and the small fishermen of the western fjords. It is not often that even Stirling Castle—the central jewel of the necklace of three castles on high rocks about the very throat of Scotland—sees one of the Stuart line it so often cradled. That gem of ancientry, the Palace of Linlithgow, sometimes seems to be forgotten by all save the devoted officers of the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works.

So far as Scottish sentiment matters, therefore, the Accession suggests some interesting lines of speculation as to the new Queen's possible range of movement through her northern realm; and let us understand explicitly that the question of Scottish Nationalism does not come into the theorem. That is a purely political, parliamentary matter. The Sovereign is far above the battle—even if an Accession cannot but sharpen such an issue, with all its tangled dynastic implications.

One is thinking rather in terms of the dreary if useful science of logistics. The Monarch can rarely be far from London while Parliament is sitting and all the dark possibilities of our modern world throw shadows over the throne of a young Queen. Equally, the Monarch's right to a long holiday in the seclusion of the Highland hills must be accepted. On the face of it, Scotland needs less of Queen Elizabeth than it did of Princess Elizabeth, especially when, latterly, she was often called upon to ease the burden of an ailing father.

Since the Abdication the ranks of representative royalty have been sadly thinned. At her great age Queen Mary can hardly take any share of the strain, and the Queen Mother must be granted the ease of a well-earned retirement. The Duke of Gloucester and his princess now belong to the older generation; it will be many years before Prince Charles and Princess Anne are called to an exacting duty—and who would not wish them the blessing of a long and happy childhood? Now we see how the light must increasingly glow about the young head of Princess Margaret, Scottish-born and with so many Scottish friends. For her it is another girlhood now over; many duties, the unrelenting duties of the Royal Families, must be hers.

It is always a small point of soreness with Scottish sentiment that the Palace of Holyroodhouse, in Edinburgh, is so little used as a Royal residence: by a reigning Sovereign only for a few days once in a blue moon, for barely a fortnight each May by the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. One's private sympathy may go out to those who are formally obliged to do so.

Holyroodhouse is a wonderful chunk of history in stone indeed, and it stands nobly enough against the background of the King's Park and the jagged cliffs about Arthur's Seat. But it lies low and, thanks to the sins of indifference of a past generation, it looks too closely towards a clot of slums, railway bridges and brewery chimneys. Even the earnest tourist, fascinated by the tapestries and the sanguinary redolence of the little private chamber of Mary, Queen of Scots, might decide that he would not much like to live in Holyroodhouse on the best terms of grace and favour.

There, however, the new Queen will come with her Consort after the Coronation, and the Scottish capital will see much of the Duke who takes his present title from it. They will drive down Princes Street as the guns boom from the Castle; they will worship in St. Giles in that Presbyterian form Queen Elizabeth has already sworn to uphold. They will visit the Courts of Session and be greeted by the judges who administer a wholly un-English code of law; and Scottish Command will stage a parade on the Esplanade of the Castle, with the pipers blowing their heads off. The Castle will be floodlit in the late evening, seeming to hang over the city in suspension, like something out of a child's dream after reading a fairy-tale . . .

It is now almost ritual that what is called the Royal Visit to Scotland takes place within a few weeks after the Coronation. The route is fairly clearly marked by custom already. Out of Edinburgh their Majesties will be driven across one of the most efficient, and certainly one of the dullest, arterial roads in Great Britain to Glasgow, the huge industrial city of the west, where they will be welcomed within what is one of the most ornate examples extant of the Victorian taste in municipal buildings—down to a "Satinwood Saloon" that has to be seen to be believed. (It happens, however, to be rather warmer than Holyroodhouse.) And so, towards the end of her tour, the Queen is likely to be rushed down another bald arterial road, formally to accept the keys of Dumbarton Castle on the turf of a little lawn that, within ramparts, commands a wonderful view of the ship-channel of the Clyde, that mighty highway of the Commonwealth along which so many of the world's great ships have gone down to the sea.

One sometimes wishes wistfully that one could have the planning of a Royal tour just a little farther off the beaten track. One could wish that her progress could start with a swing westwards from Carlisle through the fine towns of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, through the green, rich pastures of the Stewartry and Galloway, to the odd little near-Irish port of Stranraer. The ideal route would then be northwards, past a dozen ruined peels used by Robert the Bruce in his conquest of Scotland for the Stuarts, to Ayr, which has so much more to it than associations with Robert Burns. A halt in industrial Paisley to look into the lovely Abbey and brood for a minute over the recumbent effigy of Marjory, the Bruce's daughter, through whom the Stuarts finally gained the Scottish throne. Then Oban as a change from Ballater; the homely games at Portree, in Skye, for the near-pomp of the Braemar Gathering; a look into Stornoway, capital of the Outer Isles, of which the Celtic folk are far-sundered from ceremonial and are the first to turn out to fight for the Crown in time of war.

The pipe-dream could go on and on, stretching to the red Cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, in place of St. Giles, and so home to Balmoral by way of the rugged northern counties and the fantastically clean fishing villages of the Moray Firth, where the women sweep not only their own doorsteps but the pavements and half the street. . . . It is likely to vanish before that sheer force of logistics inherent in the ordered movements of Royalty, but it can be suggested confidently that nothing could please the whole of Scotland more than a regal cruise right round the coasts—say, in the *Vanguard* a tremulous young Princess launched eight years ago.

The family quiet of Balmoral will remain inviolate. After all, a young male heir with the Christian name of Stuart kings has still to learn from wise old men up there how to hold a gun and throw a fly; how to observe and delight in the movements of wild life; how, among an undemonstrative people, to apply the common touch without sacrifice of personal dignity. Firm Scots nannies and strict Scots governesses will see to the early shaping of a future King and his sister.

"Tender and true" is the North; and now it waits with sympathy, patience, affection and a natural curiosity the young Queen's first crossing of the Border as such—perhaps a more onerous ordeal than the launching of any ship at Clydebank.

AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA—PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH LEONARD OGDEN, THE MASCOT OF THE REGIMENT, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR WHEN SHE VISITED THE TORONTO ARMOURIES DURING THE COURSE OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR LAST AUTUMN.

THE SPHERE'S MEMORIAL NUMBERS

Owing to the very great demand, many people have been unable to obtain copies of the Memorial and Funeral Numbers of The Sphere. *To ensure obtaining all special numbers published during the year, including the Christmas Number, you are respectfully advised to place a firm order with your newsagent for regular delivery.* The Sphere *is published weekly; price 2s.*

THE FOCAL-POINT OF THE COMMONWEALTH'S LOYALTY—BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE ON SO MANY OCCASIONS OF SORROW AND REJOICING THE PEOPLE HAVE ASSEMBLED TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE ROYAL FAMILY: When George IV came to the throne he decided to build himself a new and larger Palace on the site of the old Royal residence, Buckingham House. He consulted his Welsh architect, John Nash, who, pandering to the King's grandiose tastes, planned the Palace on stately but over-pretentious lines, including a triumphal approach arch of colossal proportions. Parliament finally objected to the immense outlay, and there came into being what was basically the much more modest building we know to-day. In 1913, however, the entire East façade, which is seen in this aerial view, was replaced by the more dignified design of Aston Webb. Neither George IV nor William IV ever occupied Buckingham Palace. Since the accession of Victoria it has been the London residence of the Sovereign.

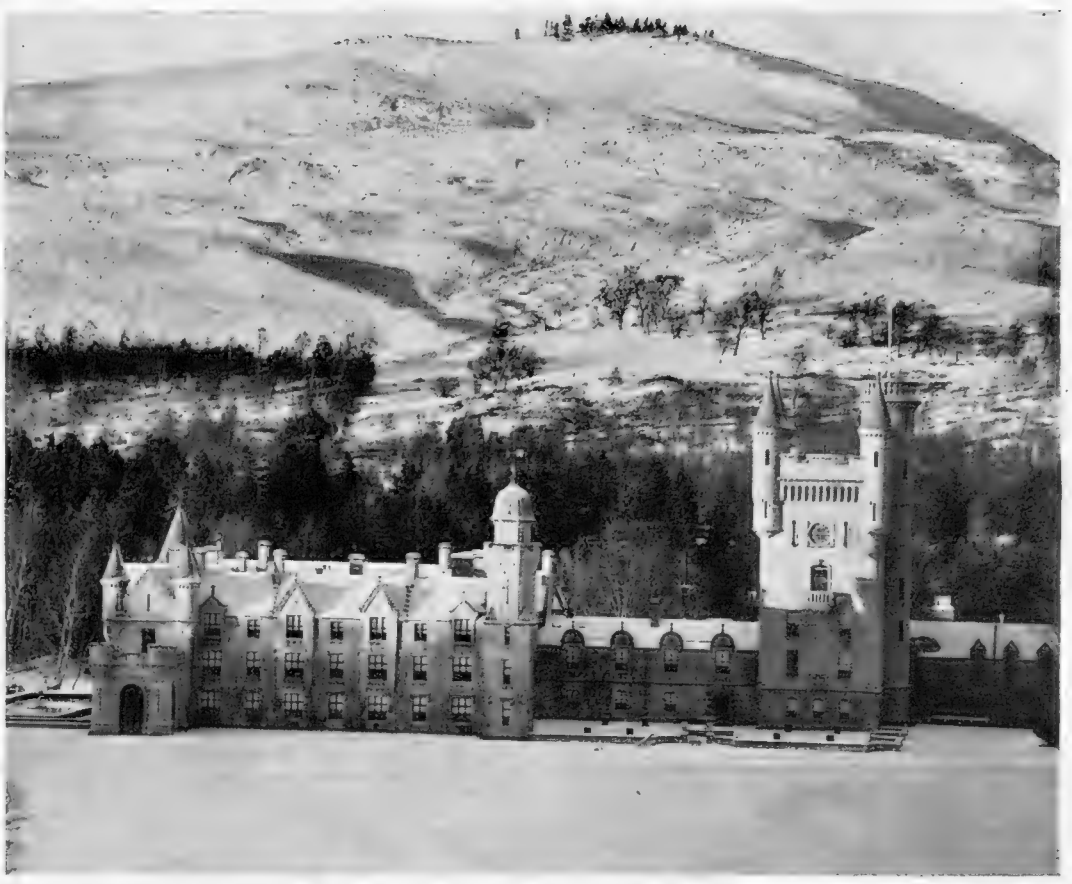
THE QUEEN'S RESIDENCES

FROM A PALACE IN THE HEART OF THE CAPITAL TO A MANOR AND A CASTLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

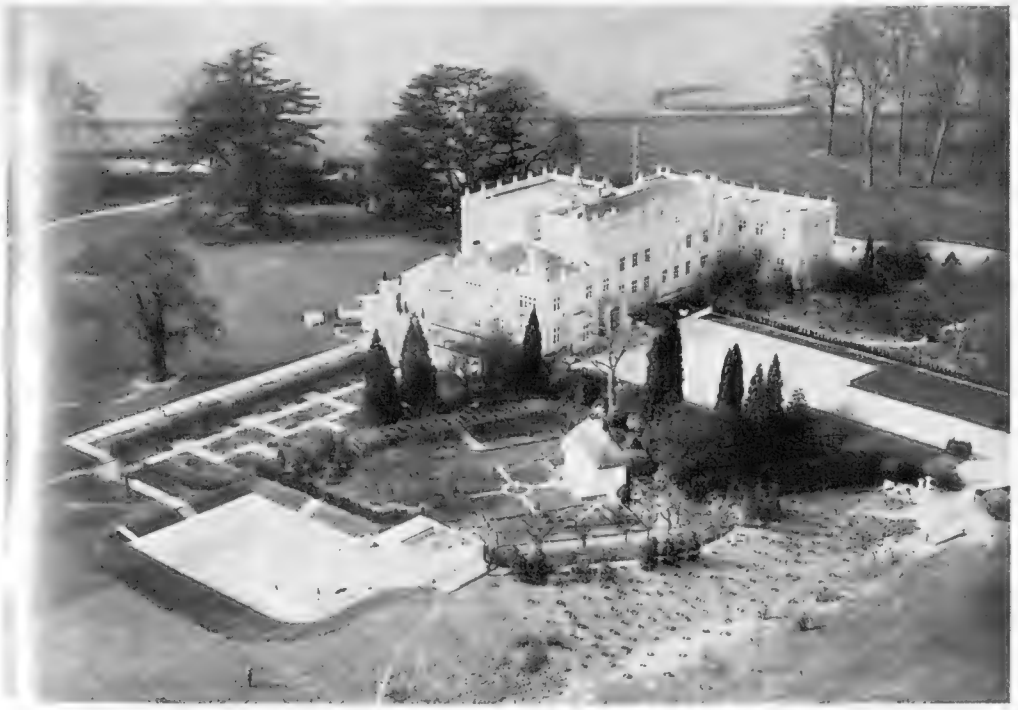
On left—

THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE IN ITS LEAFY SETTING NEAR THE CENTRE OF EDINBURGH: During the reign of King George VI the Royal visits to Edinburgh aroused a special fervour by reason of the Queen's Scottish ancestry and of her abiding interest in the country. In 1947 Queen Elizabeth II, as Princess Elizabeth, visited Edinburgh shortly after her betrothal, and received the Freedom of the City at what might truly be termed the most representative Scottish gathering of modern time. The Palace of Holyroodhouse was the main centre of these celebrations. Holyrood, picturesquely set at the foot of the volcanic crag known as Arthur's Seat, includes among its historical apartments Lord Darnley's rooms and the vestibule where the ill-fated adviser David Rizzio was done to death by Darnley, Morton and their followers.

SANDRINGHAM—THE HOUSE OF MOURNING, WHERE KING GEORGE VI DIED ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 6, 1952: Sandringham, too, was the scene of the death of King George V, but it has also been a place of happy family reunions, and it has been popular with members of the Royal family ever since it was purchased by Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) in the year 1862. The original Sandringham Hall was demolished and the present Hall built in 1869-71



BALMORAL UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW—THE ROYAL HOME ON DEESIDE AND, RISING STEEPLY IN THE BACKGROUND, THE CULANDOCH, BACKDROP IN THIS ROMANTIC AND TYPICALLY SCOTTISH SETTING: Balmoral was bought in 1848 by the Prince Consort for Queen Victoria. The Prince purchased the reversion of a thirty-eight-years lease from Sir Robert Gordon, who had held it under the Earl of Fife, and in 1852 he acquired the fee simple of the estate from the Fife trustees for a sum of £32,000. The old Castle, not being sufficiently commodious for the Royal family, the Prince Consort erected this new one in 1853-55 at a cost of £100,000 in the Scottish baronial style of architecture. The Castle has a massive tower 35 ft. sq. rising to 80 ft.



THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, A FAVOURITE HOME OF KING GEORGE VI: While often staying at Windsor Castle the King, nevertheless, showed a marked preference for Royal Lodge, and it was there that he went during his convalescence after the serious operation he underwent last autumn.

On left—

BIRKHALL, ON THE ROYAL ESTATE NEAR BALMORAL: At this manor house Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh spent part of their honeymoon, and they have returned there on several occasions since. Birkhall was built in 1715 by Charles Gordon, of Abergeldie, and it has for nearly a century been held in affection by members of the Royal family. Birkhall was purchased in 1852 for King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, and it was for many years his Deeside home. Through the garden of Birkhall runs the River Muick. The scenery is characteristic of this part of Deeside.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO CLARENCE HOUSE, ABOVE WHICH THE ROYAL STANDARD WAS FLOWN FOLLOWING THE RETURN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II TO LONDON: Built in 1825 for the Duke of Clarence, who later became William IV, the residence then passed into the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, and on his death to her third son, the Duke of Connaught, great-great-uncle of Queen Elizabeth II. It was specially redecorated for the present Queen after her betrothal to the Duke of Edinburgh. Like neighbouring Marlborough House, the residence of the Queen Dowager, Clarence House has a fine outlook right across St. James's Park.

THE QUEEN WITH HER FIRST-BORN : Her Majesty with Prince Charles, one of the first pictures to be released to the Press after the birth of the Prince. Prince Charles now becomes Duke of Cornwall.

A ROYAL HOLIDAY—PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER FAMILY ON THE "ABERDONIAN" : The Princess, holding her month-old daughter Princess Anne, and accompanied by Prince Charles, standing in the carriage doorway just before leaving King's Cross en route to Scotland in September 1950. The Princess took up residence at Birkhall.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II AND HER FAMILY

THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS ANNE IN OCTOBER 1950 : Four generations of the Royal family were represented in this picture taken at Buckingham Palace after the baptismal ceremony. While the Princess holds Princess Anne in her arms, Prince Charles stands up beside his grandmother. For this ceremony the Duke of Edinburgh returned specially from Malta, where he was at that time stationed. The baptism took place in the music-room of the Palace, which was decorated with pink and white flowers in honour of the baby Princess. Princess Anne wore the Honiton lace robe made for Queen Victoria and used at the christening of her children.

A WEEK-END OF RELAXATION BEFORE STARTING OUT ON THE LAST LAP OF THEIR CANADIAN TOUR : Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip seated before the fire in their retreat, Saran Chai, in the Laurentian Mountains near Sainte Agathe des Monts, Quebec. They started this brief holiday immediately after their return to Canada at the end of their memorable Washington visit. After the week-end the travellers headed north-east towards the farming, timber, mining and fishing areas of the Maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and then began their return home across the Atlantic after one of the most successful royal tours ever undertaken.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS FORGATHER

ARRIVING IN LONDON BEFORE THE ROYAL FUNERAL

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR DRIVES TO WESTMINSTER HALL: The Duke, accompanied by his mother, the Dowager Queen Mary, and his sister, the Princess Royal, seen as they left Marlborough House to witness the lying-in-state. They spent nearly twenty minutes in Westminster Hall, the Duke kneeling in prayer beside the catafalque on entering and leaving the great Hall. Queen Mary remained at Marlborough House during her son's funeral; the Duke of Windsor walked in the procession with the Dukes of Edinburgh, Gloucester and Kent. In a statement to the Press on arrival in England, the Duke paid tribute to his brother's outstanding qualities of kingship.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVE OUT FROM CLARENCE HOUSE FOR A BRIEF OUTING: The Duke is seen raising his hat in acknowledgment of the greeting of the crowds. Ever since the return to Clarence House from Sandringham there was a constant crowd in front of the Queen's residence, and there the Queen received many of the notabilities who forgathered for her father's funeral.

THE ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT OF KING GUSTAV ADOLF OF SWEDEN: The Duke of Edinburgh is seen with Queen Louise of Sweden, and Earl Mountbatten is in conversation with King Gustav Adolf. The King and Queen came to England in a specially chartered Swedish aircraft. The aircraft was flying the national flag of Sweden and the Union Jack, both at half-mast.

THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS: The Duke of Gloucester went to Northolt Airport to greet the Queen and her Consort. Prince Bernhard had himself piloted the red-and-silver Dakota in which they flew in from Holland. The Queen wore a black costume, hat and three-quarter-length fur coat.

KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES IS MET AT VICTORIA BY HIS COUSIN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: The King landed at Dover from the cross-Channel steamer *Invicta*. The ship was met by the destroyers *Contest* and *Myngs* and escorted into Dover Harbour. A Royal salute was fired from Dover Castle. King Paul was met at Dover by Lord Harris, Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Kent, representing the Royal Household.

PRINCE ALBERT OF LIÉGE, YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, REACHES LONDON: Seventeen-year Prince Albert was accompanied by the Belgian Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister. Prince Albert also made the journey in company with Princess Charlotte, Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, and Prince Felix.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, M. VINCENT AURIOL, CAME TO LONDON BY AIR: The President was greeted by the Duke of Edinburgh. With the President were M. Queuille, Deputy Prime Minister (centre), and M. Robert Schuman, the Foreign Minister (on right). M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, is here seen on M. Schuman's right. M. Auriol paid a five-minute courtesy call at Clarence House, and was later received at Buckingham Palace. The President walked in the funeral at the head of the procession of heads of State. His links with the Royal Family have been close by reason of his State visit to England with Madame Auriol.

HEADS OF STATE, AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS IN LONDON

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WELCOMES THE TURKISH PRESIDENT AT LONDON AIRPORT : President Jelal Bayar of Turkey (extreme right) was accompanied by General Nuri Yamut, Chief of the General Staff ; Mr. Nasuhioglu, Minister of Justice ; Mr. Acikalin, Secretary-General of the Foreign Ministry, who until recently was Ambassador in London ; and Army officers carrying black-sheathed swords.

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE POPE ARRIVES IN LONDON FOR THE ROYAL FUNERAL : Monsignor Paolo Giobbe (centre), Papal Internuncio to the Netherlands, who represented the Pope at the funeral of King George VI, is seen on his arrival at Liverpool Street Station with Archbishop Godfrey (left), Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, and Bishop Craven, representing Cardinal Griffin. Although the Apostolic representative took part in the funeral procession he was instructed not to attend the service in St. George's Chapel.

DR. PAULO CUNHA, THE PORTUGUESE FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO HEADED A DELEGATION OF FIVE : Dr. Cunha, who represented the President of the Republic, is seen here shortly after his arrival at London Airport. He was accompanied also by Dr. Guzman, the Mexican Minister to Portugal, who as Ambassador Extraordinary represented Mexico at the funeral. The same airliner brought to London Don Juan, the Spanish claimant.

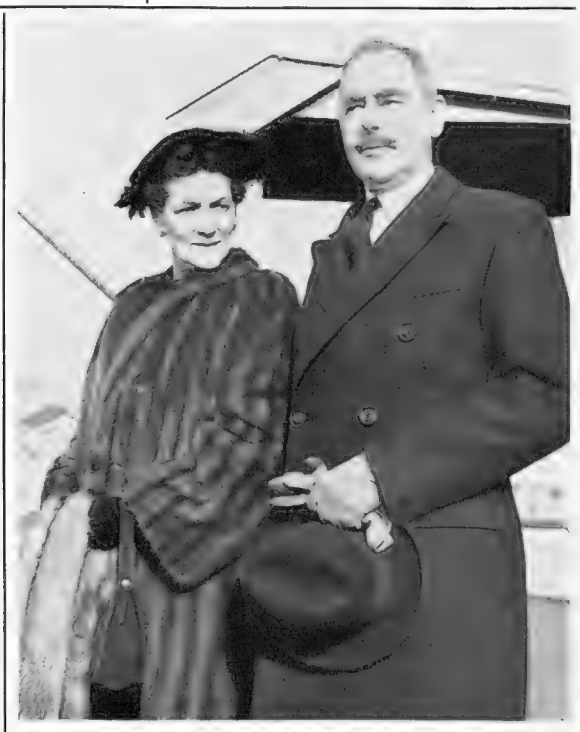
DR. AURELIANO SANCHEZ ARANGO, THE FOREIGN MINISTER OF CUBA, WHO FLEW TO LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL FROM HAVANA : He was accompanied by Señor Camejo, head of the Foreign Minister's Office, and a representative of the Bahamas was in the same aircraft. Dr. Gabriel Dennis, the Foreign Minister of the Republic of Liberia, and Mr. C. Borg Olivier, the Prime Minister of Malta, were among other delegations from overseas.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA ARRIVES FOR THE FUNERAL : Prince Merid Azmach Asfa-Wessen arrived from Paris in an aircraft that had been especially diverted. Representing his father, the Emperor Haile Selassie, he was among the many Princes who followed the cortège through the streets of London. Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya, and Sir John Macpherson, Governor of Nigeria, were among the Colonial representatives.

AMR PASHA, THE RECENTLY RECALLED EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR, WHO RETURNED AS ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF HIS COUNTRY AT THE FUNERAL : He was accompanied back to London by Prince Mohamed Abdel Moneim, cousin of King Farouk. Soon after his arrival Amr Pasha went to the Foreign Office, where he saw Mr. Anthony Eden. On the same aircraft as Amr Pasha and Prince Moneim was Prince Ali Reza of Persia.

SEÑOR ALBERTO MARTIN ARTAJO, THE SPANISH FOREIGN MINISTER, ARRIVES AT LONDON AIRPORT : The Foreign Minister (right) is seen here with the Spanish Ambassador to London, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, who greeted him on his arrival. Señor Artajo travelled in a Spanish aircraft and was accompanied by the Chiefs of Staff of the three armed services.

DR. IVAN RIBAR, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF YUGOSLAVIA, WHO HEADED HIS COUNTRY'S DELEGATION, WALKS FROM HIS PLANE AT LONDON AIRPORT : Dr. Ribar was met by the Duke of Edinburgh, and was accompanied by Dr. Smodlaka, head of the Protocol Department, and Colonel-General Dapcevic, Deputy Chief of the General Staff.



MR. DEAN ACHESON, THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE, ARRIVES WITH MRS. ACHESON : Mr. Acheson, who was President Truman's Personal Representative at the King's funeral, flew overnight from Washington to London in the President's aircraft *Independence*. He was met at London Airport by Mr. Walter S. Gifford, the United States Ambassador.

Amongst the Rest of the News

EVENTS ON FOUR CONTINENTS

THE MILITARY EXPERTS OF THE MEMBER NATIONS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION MEET IN SECRET SESSION IN LISBON : Left to right—General J. F. Barros Rodrigues, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Elliot, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, General Omar Bradley, Admiral J. Wright, Colonel E. Cardiff, Colonel C. Donnelly and Admiral Foskett. They met as a preliminary to the Atlantic Council Conference beginning in Lisbon on February 20. It was at one time hoped that the Conference would settle such major problems as the part Germany would play in Western defence. Last week it was indicated by a *Times* Correspondent that "there is now no hope of this." Nevertheless, the agenda of the Conference is a full one, and the main business has been to consider the report of the Temporary Council Committee on the member countries' military programmes.

GREETINGS IN LISBON : General Paul Ely (left) shaking hands with Colonel Saner of Turkey, on the day of the first meeting of the North Atlantic military experts in Lisbon. Also in the picture are General Constine Dovas and Colonel Nicholas Paparrodou, both representatives of Greece. It is possible that the North Atlantic Deputies will in future meet two or three times a year, and they may decide to set up a permanent headquarters either in London or Paris

IN THE PLAYGROUND OF THE JANET MEMORIAL HOME AT ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY : This aerial view shows the scene of the recent airliner disaster. One hundred children were asleep in the orphanage at the time. The damaged roof in the right foreground belongs to the Melitzer Apartment. It was hit by the airliner as it plunged to the ground and the building was set on fire. Some of the victims were in the plane and some in the apartment house. Many of the people in the tail section of the plane were saved. Cars standing in front of the apartment house were sprayed with gasoline and set on fire.

THE AIRLINER DISASTER IN THE UNITED STATES : Two sections of the fuselage of the wrecked National Airlines DC-6 airliner in the grounds of the Janet Memorial Home at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The Miami-bound plane crashed two minutes after leaving Newark Airport, and more than thirty people lost their lives. This was the third major tragedy connected with the Newark Airport in two months.

AND STILL THE BATTLE RAGES IN INDO-CHINA : French troops, in their jungle camouflage, advancing along Route R.C.6, near Dong Ben during the recent battle to clear the route after the Viet-minh guerrillas had attempted to cut communications between Hanoi and Hoa Binh. At one stage the French pushed the guerrillas far back from the road, but the guerrillas launched very heavy counter-attacks at Dong Ben and Basete achieving some success.

THE GUTTED SHELL OF A HOME THAT LAY IN THE PATH OF ONE OF THE DISASTROUS BUSH FIRES WHICH SWEPT THE SOUTH COAST OF NEW SOUTH WALES RECENTLY : This picture was taken in the Helensburgh district from a plane flying at a height of 1,000 ft., and the pilot reported that from this altitude the fires extended in all directions as far as the eye could see. The Bush fires in Eastern Australia this summer have damaged many, many thousands of acres of valuable grazing and timber country. The important food-producing areas of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland have, in fact, suffered a major blow.

THE CAMERA LOOKS UPON A TROUBLED WORLD

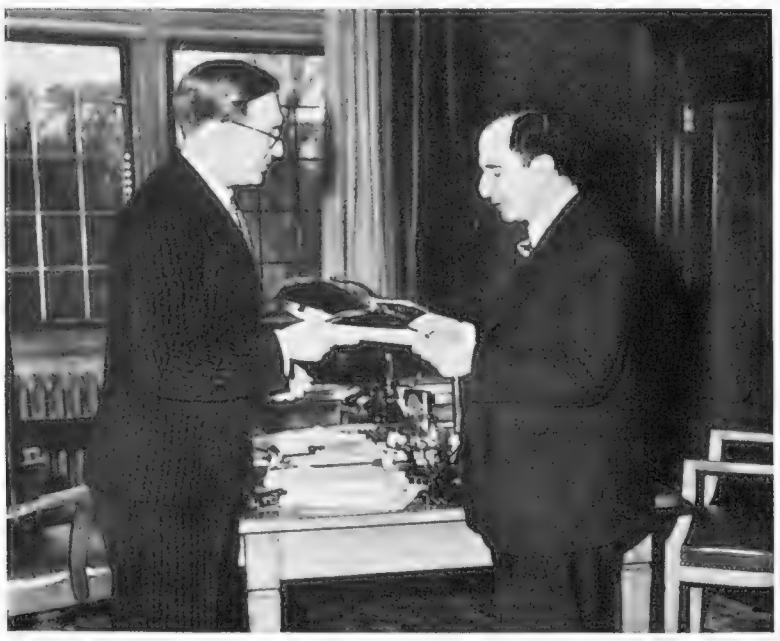
MORE ASPECTS OF THE NEWS IN RECENT DAYS

SINGAPORE GREETS THE NEW QUEEN : Sir Franklin Gimson, Governor of Singapore, taking the salute at the march-past during ceremonies on Singapore's Padang following the Proclamation of Queen Elizabeth II. Thousands thronged the waterfront plaza to hear the Proclamation read in English, Malay, Chinese and Tamil. Behind Sir Franklin stands the Bishop of Singapore, the Right Rev. H. W. Baines, and also Army, Navy and Air Force commanders.

THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER ARRIVES IN MALAYA : General Sir Gerald Templer (left, centre) shaking hands with Dato Sir Cheng-lovk Tan on his arrival at Kuala Lumpur airfield. Sir Gerald, known as an intense disciplinarian, is probably destined to play the same role in Malaya as the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny played in French Indo-China. One of Sir Gerald's last active commands during the Second World War was as the commander of the 6th Armoured Division.

A PRESIDENTIAL INSPECTION : Mr. Syngman Rhee, inspecting a guard of honour during a visit to the command post of Ninth Corps on the Korean battlefront. Behind Mr. Rhee are General James A. Van Fleet, the Eighth Army Commander, and Major-General Willard G. Wyman, Commander of Ninth Corps. At the time of going to press the latest news from Korea concerns the nine-point Communist plan for the exchange of prisoners.

THE FUNERAL OF NORMAN DOUGLAS ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRI : The coffin being borne through the narrow streets of the town before the burial. Norman Douglas, who was aged eighty-three at the time of his death, made his name as the author of *South Wind*, establishing a reputation as a brilliant satirist. A most acute psychological study of island society (and as such a thinly veiled portrait of Capri), *South Wind* has become a modern classic.



PERSIA FILES A REPLY TO BRITAIN IN THE WORLD COURT : Mr. Edward Hambro (left), of Norway, Registrar of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, receiving from Mr. Hossein Navab, the Persian agent, the Persian Government Memorandum on the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. This is in reply to the British Memorandum which was presented to the World Court last October. It is now nine months since Britain first brought the dispute to the notice of the Court.

THE PARIS RIOTS : Police sheltering behind an overturned van as strikers attacked with showers of stones and bottles in the vicinity of the Renault works at Billaincourt. The disorders continued for about two hours. Two hundred people were arrested and about fifty people were injured. The cause of the riots was an attempt by pickets to enforce a twenty-four-hour strike, decreed throughout Paris by the Communist trades unions. The strike itself was a failure. In the Renault works, at one time the spearhead of all strike movements, 80 per cent. of the 37,000 men went to work as usual.

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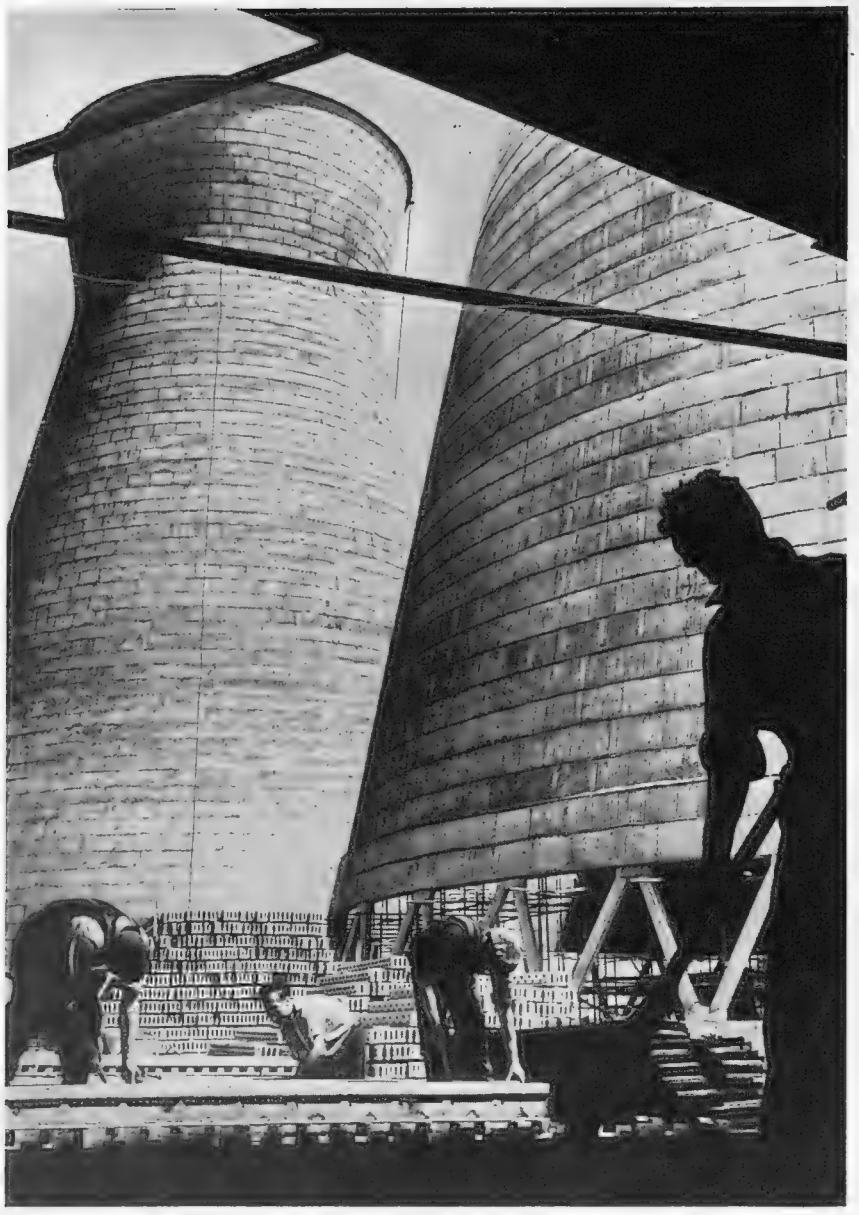

OIL
AND THE WATERFALL

THE 22-million-gallon-a-day "waterfall" in each of these cooling towers at Anglo-Iranian's oil refinery in South Wales is part of an expansion project that has already raised the refinery's production to twelve times its pre-war rate.

This in turn forms part of a greater expansion programme on a world-wide scale. Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies operate nine refineries in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy and Australia. A tenth refinery has just gone into production in Belgium and another new refinery is under construction now in the United Kingdom.

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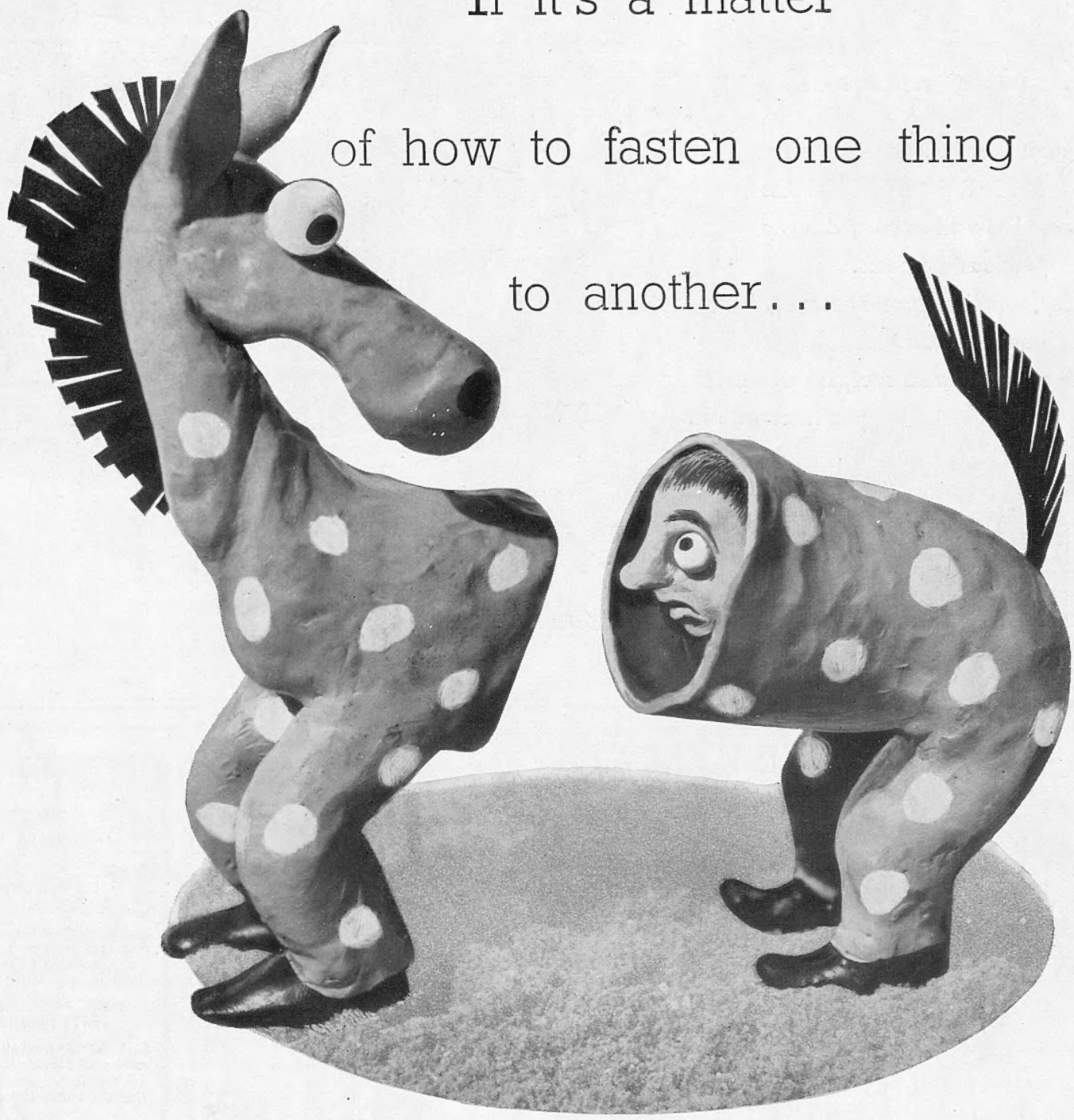

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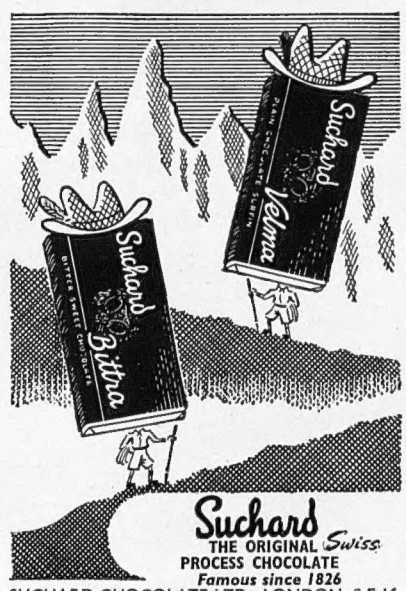

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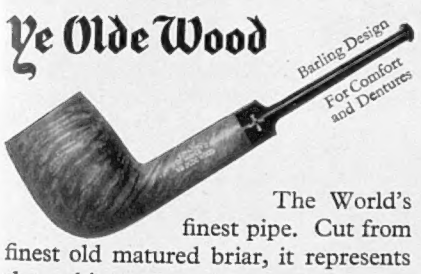

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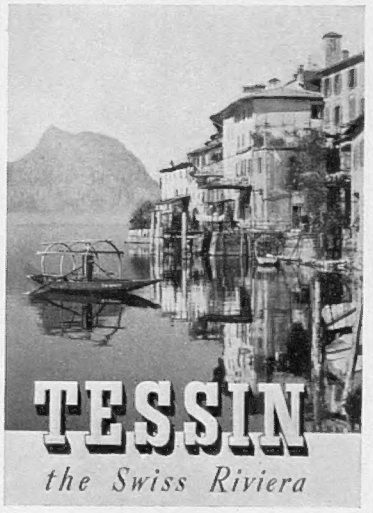

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